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LANGUAGE AND REALITY

LANGUAGE AND REALITY

*A COURSE IN
CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM*

by
M. HOPE PARKER

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M. HOPE PARKER.

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PART I

MODERN LITERATURE

So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years—
Twenty years largely wasted, the years of *l'entre deux guerres*—
Trying to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure
Because one has only learnt to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which
One is no longer disposed to say it. And so each venture
Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate
With shabby equipment always deteriorating
In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,
Undisciplined squads of emotion. And what there is to conquer
By strength and submission, has already been discovered
Once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot hope
To emulate—but there is no competition—
There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
And found and lost again and again: and now, under con-
ditions
That seem unpropitious. But perhaps neither gain nor loss.
For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business.
(T. S. ELIOT: *East Coker*.)

IMAGERY

"THE years of *l'entre deux guerres*" have produced a new
"raid on the inarticulate," modern literature. Modern
literature is not a new literature, it is not new in subject
matter or in method, but it is new in focus and in its use of
the old methods to express the peculiarities of the new
point of view, which, while it differs of course from artist
to artist, has yet among all, enough in common to dis-
tinguish it from what comes before.

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Modern literature, whether poetry or prose, relies particularly in a new and conscious way upon imagery, the use of images of concrete things to represent emotions and/or ideas, not the images about which the artist has the emotions and ideas but images which are in his mind connected with them. ✓ This beginning of a modern novel will show how the association comes about (my italics).

“Yes, of course, if it’s fine to-morrow,” said Mrs. Ramsay. “But you’ll have to be up with the lark,” she added.

To her son these words conveyed an extraordinary joy, as if it were settled the expedition were bound to take place, and the wonder to which he had looked forward for years and years was after a night’s darkness and a day’s sail, within touch. ✓ *Since he belonged, even at the age of six, to that great clan for whom even in earliest childhood any turn in the wheel of sensation has the power to crystallise and transfix the moment upon which its gloom or radiance rests, James Ramsay, sitting on the floor cutting out pictures from the illustrated catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores, endowed the picture of a refrigerator as his mother spoke with heavenly bliss. It was fringed with joy. The wheelbarrow, the lawnmower, the sound of poplar trees, leaves whitening before rain, rooks cawing, brooms knocking, dresses rustling—all these were so coloured and distinguished in his mind that he had already his private code, his secret language.*¹

The picture of the refrigerator has become, one notices, associated for James Ramsay with his whole state of mind at the time he saw it, it has become a symbol, and the image of it in his mind will always afterwards be a symbol,

¹VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse*, Hogarth Press.

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of "heavenly bliss." But the refrigerator by itself does not represent this. It will always call up other images—"The wheelbarrow, the lawnmower, the sound of poplar trees, leaves whitening before rain, rooks cawing, brooms knocking, dresses rustling"—and the images of all these things will come together in his mind to symbolise the joy of anticipation and the joy of fulfilment; they have "crystalised and transfixed" the moment, and in the moment the state of mind. So they have become "his code, his secret language," by which in his own mind when he grows up the idea of unthinking joy and the emotion itself will be expressed.

Words themselves, these symbols of experience, are of course always to some extent a code or secret language, for to no two persons do words mean, that is symbolise, exactly the same thing. But when in imagery the artist consciously deepens the symbolic power of words, so that not only does the word represent the image of the concrete thing, but also the image of the concrete thing, usually together with others, represents an intellectual and emotional situation, a complex of feeling and idea, it is obvious that the code may become very secret and obscure indeed. The artist's difficulty is to achieve imagery which is significant, which is at the same time an accurate representation to him and a representation which means something to at least some readers. For though the artist does not write for his readers, yet if at least some human minds cannot understand him, his experience can hardly be said to be expressed, to have achieved a significant form. X.

The modern artist whether he is a writer of poetry or of prose is, as was suggested, peculiarly conscious of using imagery. Consider for instance this poem by Thomas Hardy:

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NEUTRAL TONES

We stood by a pond that winter day,
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod,
—They had fallen from an ash and were grey.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
Over tedious riddles solved years ago;
And words played between us to and fro—
On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing
Alive enough to have strength to die;
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
Like an ominous bird a-wing. . . .

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
And a pond edged with greyish leaves.

Here the writer sums up in the last verse what the poem as a whole has done, welded in one indissoluble experience the sense impressions (which become images in the mind), *the idea and the emotion, so that they are in the mind, not three experiences, but one.*

Examine this "synthesis" in the following lines. The reader's like the writer's experience is not (1) a mere series of sense impressions, separate from one another, (2) the idea that life is perverted and meaningless, and (3) the emotion of fear. It is an experience of all these crystallised at once.

The memory throws up high and dry
A crowd of twisted things;
A twisted branch upon the beach
Eaten smooth, and polished

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As if the world gave up
The secret of its skeleton,
Stiff and white.
A broken spring in a factory yard,
Rust that clings to the form that the strength has left
Hard and curled and ready to snap.

The modern artist is, however, certainly not the only writer who uses imagery, although, as will be seen later, his imagery is for two reasons more conscious, and when he does not, as Hardy does, explain it, more difficult to understand.

Exercises: (1) Read Macbeth's "To-morrow" speech (Act V, sc. iv, l 18). What images have come together in Macbeth's mind to represent the idea of life as a vivid but meaningless interlude about which he has no capacity to feel?

(2) Read Ecclesiastes xii, 1-8 (Authorised Version).

What are the images here? What experience, what state of mind do they represent?

(3) What ideas and/or emotions do the images in the following represent?

(a) When the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion: then were we like unto them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter: and our tongue with joy.

Then said they among the heathen: The Lord hath done great things for them.

Yea, the Lord hath done great things for us already: whereof we rejoice.

Turn our captivity, O Lord: as the rivers in the south. They that sow in tears: shall reap in joy.

He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed: shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him.

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- (b) That is no country for old men. The young
In one another's arms; birds in the trees
—Those dying generations—at their song;
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.
Caught in that sensual music all neglect
Monuments of unageing intellect.

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress,
Nor is there singing school but studying
Monuments of its own magnificence;
And therefore I have sailed the sea and come
To the holy city of Byzantium.

- (c) Spider, spider twisting tight—
But the watch is wary beneath the pillow—
I am afraid in the web of night
When the window is fingered by the shadows of
branches,
When the lions roar beneath the hill
And the meter clicks and the wistern bubbles
And the gods are absent and the men are still.
Noli me tangere, my soul is forfeit.
Some now are happy in the hive of home
And some are hungry under the starry dome
And some sit turning handles.
Glory to God in the Lowest, peace beneath the earth.
Dumb and deaf at the nadir;
I wonder now whether anything is worth
The eyelid opening and the mind recalling

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And I think of Persephone gone down to dark.
.

Only the spider, spinning out his reams
Of colourless thread says only there are always inter-
lopers, dreams
Who let no dead dog lie, nor death be final.
.

Who am I—or I—to demand oblivion?
I must go out to-morrow as the others do
And build the falling castle;
Which has never fallen, thanks
Not to any formula, red tape, or institution,
Nor to any creeds or banks,
But to the human animal's endless courage.
Spider, spider spin
Your register and let me sleep a little.
.

And you with whom I shared an idyll
Five years long,
Sleep beyond the Atlantic
And wake to a glitter of dew and to bird song
And you whose eyes are blue, whose ways are foam,
Sleep quiet and smiling.

Discuss where in (c) the imagery in different parts of the same long poem expresses variations in content, particularly in emotional content.

If one examines the images in the extracts above it becomes apparent that they are quite unlike simple metaphors and similes although they may sometimes be phrased in the same way. A simile or metaphor such as "the man fought like a lion," or "the man was a lion when roused," compares one known thing (a man) with another known

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thing (a lion) in order to express the first by the second. But imagery is not comparison, nor does it express what is in any way known without it. In order to make known something quite unknown, an idea or emotion or the writer's or speaker's state of mind, it brings into association without comparison concrete realities whose relation the mind alone is able to establish. Consider Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark*, where the imagery is in the form of a series of similes which as mere similes are merely silly. Shelley is not really comparing one known thing (a skylark) with another known thing (a rose, or a poet, or a glow-worm). All these things are images, symbols which brought together represent the experience of the writer as he listens to the skylark's song. They are concrete and quite distant realities which are all associated in the poet's mind with the ideas and feelings of beauty and solitude, of freedom and joy. Another poet's experience of these ideas and feelings would be represented by quite different images and, through his imagery, we reach the individual experience of the writer. Study for instance Caroline Spurgeon's *Shakespeare's Imagery* as a clue to his mind.

DIRECT AND INDIRECT EXPRESSION

Direct Expression. All poets do not use imagery. A poet may instead make a direct statement: (1) of facts, concrete facts or ideas; or (2) of facts and his emotion about the facts.

- (1) One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good
 Than all the sages can.
- (2) She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be ;

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But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me.

Indirect Expression (through imagery). This may be of two sorts. (a) The facts may be directly expressed but the writer's experience of the facts implied indirectly.

No motion has she now, nor force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

Here the fact of Lucy's death is directly stated in the first two lines, but the second two lines, instead of stating the writer's emotion directly as in the other Lucy poem above, symbolise it in his choice of certain facts as images of deadness and of his emotion about the dead. (Notice the "dead" rhythm of the lines, particularly the last. One reads it with difficulty as if one moved mountains.)

What is the real content of the poem? Not Lucy's death but Wordsworth's experience of it, indirectly expressed. Compare this stanza from *The Eve of St. Agnes*, where the narrative is directly stated but the writer's experience conveyed indirectly through the imagery.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown like a thought until the morrow day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart paynims pray,
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain;
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

(b) Both the facts and the writer's experience of the facts may be indirectly expressed.

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O Rose thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy,
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

What is this poem "about"? A rose? Or life? The destruction of a rose by a worm? Or the destruction of human happiness by invisible evil? The poet here uses imagery or symbolism not merely to express his state of mind, his experience of his subject, but actually to express his subject itself. This is imagery two-deep, and since words are symbols, symbolism three-deep. Poetry of this sort is called symbolic poetry.

In both the poetry of direct and the poetry of indirect expression the writer's experience, particularly his emotional experience is, of course, partly expressed in his rhythm and the emotive and image-provoking power of his words as such.

Exercise: Classify the following passages as (1) direct expression (of ideas and/or emotions), or (2) indirect expression through imagery, either of the writer's experience of his subject or of this and the subject itself.

- (a) The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his mighty hand on kings;¹
- (b) The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!

¹ *f. Richard II*, Act III, sc. ii, 169-72.

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Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.
About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

- (c) Our two souls therefore which are one
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

 If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if the other do.

 And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
~~It leans and hearkens after it~~
And grows erect as that comes home.

 Such wilt thou be to me who must
Like th'other foot obliquely run,
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

- (d) Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the mehave of the years
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

- (e) Tyger! tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

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In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

- (f) A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face.

What is poem (e) about? Discuss its imagery in detail. Herrick's *To Daffodils* is also a symbolic poem, or poem where the real subject is represented by a symbol, though his style in dealing with his subject is more direct. Does he use imagery for expressing his experience of his subject? Examine his poem *To Blossoms*. What is there individual to the poet in "to blush and gently smile"? What does

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the image of "gliding" symbolise? How do these symbolic poems differ from Blake's?

Blake said that his aim was

To see a world in a grain of sand,
A Heaven in a wild flower,
To hold infinity in the palm of his hand
And eternity in an hour.

In what sense, therefore, is his aim the aim of the great artist and the philosopher?

TYPES OF IMAGERY

There are three sorts of imagery:

(1) *Romantic or Emotive*, where the images are used mainly for the sake of their emotional quality. (b) in the exercises above is a good instance of this. So is the stanza from *The Eve of St. Agnes*.

(2) *Intellectual*, where the images are used for the sake of their power to represent not emotions but ideas. This type of imagery is scarcely used between the seventeenth and the twentieth centuries. (c) in the exercises above is, in its use of the "beaten gold" and the "compasses" to represent the idea of indissoluble unity, a good instance of this. For few people will "beaten gold" and "compasses" symbolise any emotion, whereas "slimy things crawling with legs upon a slimy sea" will represent what? One notices that descriptive details may be so chosen as to represent or symbolise the writer's emotion. They are then not merely details but images.

(3) *Intellectual-emotive or mixed*. Shakespeare's imagery is nearly always of this sort. Of what qualities in Antony's character for instance does Cleopatra express her experience in the following lines? Show how the image are

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used to represent with almost equal intensity ideas and emotions.

His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Exercises: (1) Examine the imagery in *Kubla Khan*. Is it emotive or intellectual?

(2) Consider the imagery in the following. As which of the three sorts would you describe it?

- (a) Down the road somebody is practising scales,
The notes like *little fishes* vanish
With a *twink of tails*.
- (b) Now is the *winter* of our discontent
Made glorious *summer* by this *sun* of York.
- (c) My *vegetable* love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow.
- (d) With thy sharp teeth this *knot intrinsic*
Of life at once *untie*.
- (e) Upon such *sacrifices*, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw *incense*.
- (f) Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.

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(g) (From "Estrangement")

She is a legend emptied of concern,
And idle is the rumour of the rose.

(h)

—O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there—
 . . . —Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.

(3) Consider the imagery in the second last verse of Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*, and in Shakespeare's sonnets: XVIII ("Shall I compare thee to a summer's day"); LXXIII ("That time of year thou mayst in me behold"); and CXVI ("Let me not to the marriage of true minds").

(4) Consider the imagery in the following:

CLEOPATRA: Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,

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The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, withered is the garland of the war,
'The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

* *

(5) Examine the following extracts and say what qualities in the whole situation the few details, which constitute imagery, represent. In the first, for instance, notice how the writer conveys the impression of heat, of something sinister, yet trivial and undignified. ("A few buzzards looked down from the roof with shabby indifference; he wasn't carrion yet.")

(a) 'Mr. Tench went out to look for his ether cylinder; out into the blazing Mexican sun and the bleaching dust. A few buzzards looked down from the roof with shabby indifference; he wasn't carrion yet. A faint feeling of rebellion stirred in Mr. Tench's heart and he wrenched up a piece of the road with splintering fingernails and tossed it feebly up at them. One of them rose and flapped across the town; over the tiny plaza, over the bust of an ex-president, ex-general, ex-human being, over the two stalls which sold mineral water, towards the river and the sea. It wouldn't find anything there; the sharks looked after the carrion on that side. Mr. Tench went on across the plaza.'

(b) 'He began deliberately to engrave upon his mind certain present details—the luminous plane of whiteness that a trick of the dusk had laid upon the side of Carey's throat, the smell of mown grass from the barrow the gardener had left, the sharp, metallic gleam and shadow of the creeper that stood up about the dining-room window.'

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MODERN IMAGERY

The imagery of the modern writer in both poetry and prose is more conscious and more difficult for two reasons.

A.—*The State of Language*

The extract from *East Coker* with which this chapter began speaks of

Shabby equipment always deteriorating
In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,
Undisciplined squads of emotion.

Imagery and meaning are both worth noting. The writer to-day is conscious that the medium in which he has to work has deteriorated and is deteriorating through bad usage by the "undisciplined squads of emotion." When more and more people use more and more words with less and less thought every word tends to share the fate of the cliché, a fate which the writer has to resist and from which writers and speakers alone can save it. Words which have lost or are losing their power as symbols of experience, and have become things in themselves, letting off vague feelings of their own, have somehow to be regalanised, recharged with significance, with the power to be symbols of real things. Words, like people, behave as they are treated. The only way to restore the symbolic power of words is for the writer to force both himself and his readers to treat them as symbols; the modern writer tries to make quite sure that we cannot treat them as anything else. So:—

(1) Almost every word is a conscious image.

- (a) All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flame are infolded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

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- (b) Behind the smiling mirror
And behind the smiling moon
Follow, follow.

(2) His use of particular words and of particular images is often extraordinary, as unpromising as James Ramsay's refrigerator, and as exact; so that we are forced to treat his word or image, not subjectively as a thing to which we are accustomed to attach certain emotions "poetic" or "unpoetic," but objectively, as a symbol which may represent experience of a new and exciting kind.

Let us go then, you and I,
Where the sunset is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table.

We are not used to the expression "Sunset is spread out" and so we are forced to look not only at it but into it, to treat it as a symbol, not glide over it unconsciously, absorbing a few emotions without the intervention of any ideas. Again we are not used in our love poems or our evening strolls to running up against images of "patients etherised on tables." Indeed, it gives us a distinct jolt. We are forced to look into the matter, to ask what it means. And in this case it means something precise and faithfully symbolised, the impression of the evening, of love and life as something trancelike, living yet apparently lifeless, dormant, a little tragic, a little ridiculous, more than a little inane. An image may indeed mean "meaninglessness," and most of the images in *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* and *Rhapsody on a Windy Night* do, though they mean other things as well.

(3) The modern poet chooses words and images which should mean something to the great number of men who live in cities and deal with a mechanised way of

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life and which, since they have not been used as images before, have had little chance to be separated from the concrete things they represent and therefore work out. It is of course ridiculous to pepper writing with gasworks and pickle factories and pylons merely, as it were, for local colour, but the sestet of this *Sonnet for a Political Worker* by Cecil Day Lewis will show how words such as "tension," "filaments," "circuit," "power" are forced to remain symbols because of their association with concrete things.

Do you not see that history's high tension
Must so be broken down to each man's need
And his frail filaments, that it may feed
Not blast all patience, love and warm invention?
On lines beyond your single comprehension
The circuit and full day of power proceed.

B.—The State of Mind

The fact that the imagery of the modern writer is both more conscious and more difficult is due also to his vision of life.

Writers are always influenced to a marked extent by the state of society in which they live, by the ideas current among the technical thinkers of their time, and by the general philosophy or lack of philosophy of their generation.

The literary generation which survived the war and peace of 1918 was, as a whole, a disillusioned one. Society was disintegrating round about it, the pleasant fiction of automatic progress had died on the battle field, in the peace conference or in the workless streets, and its other beliefs were not deeply-rooted enough to stand the strain. It was left with life as a series of fragmentary impressions, and it is this sense of disintegration, of disillusionment, of the entire lack of order and significance in human experience, which the work of the early modern

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poets attempts to express. Its use of assonances and consonances instead of formal rhyme (things do not click together, fit in an ordered and harmonious system, they merely echo mockingly in the mind, like faces one feels one ought to know), its broken and conversational rhythms and word order, its broken, elliptical, colloquial style, its erratic line-lengths, all express this impression of life as something fragmentary and meaningless, at once painful and ridiculous, but above all odd. Its imagery also is an attempt to convey this and to mean meaninglessness is a difficult thing.

Examine the following poem, trying to see the significance of the images and the way they come together to convey an impression of—what?

THE HOLLOW MEN

A penny for the Old Guy

I

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar.
Shape without form, shade without colour,
Paralysed force, gesture without motion;
Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom
Remember us—if at all—not as lost

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Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.

II

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams
In death's dream kingdom
These do not appear;
There, the eyes are
Sunlight on a broken column
There, is a tree swinging
And voices are,
More distant and more solemn
Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer
In death's dream kingdom
Let me also wear
Such deliberate disguises
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves
In a field
Behaving as the wind behaves
No nearer—

Not that final meeting
In the twilight kingdom.

III

This is the dead land
This is cactus land
Here the stone images
Are raised, here they receive
The supplication of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a fading star.

Is it like this
In death's other kingdom

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Waking alone
At the hour when we are
Trembling with tenderness
Lips that would kiss
Form prayers to broken stone.

IV

The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here
In this valley of dying stars
In this hollow valley
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms
In this last of meeting places
We grope together
And avoid speech
Gathered on this beach of the tumid river
Sightless, unless
The eyes reappear
As the perpetual star
Multifoliate rose
Of death's twilight kingdom
The hope only
Of empty men.

*Here we go round the prickly pear,
Prickly pear, prickly pear,
Here we go round the prickly pear
At five o'clock in the morning.*

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

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Between the conception
And the creation
Between the emotion
And the response
Falls the Shadow

Life is very long

Between the desire
And the spasm
Between the potency
And the existence
Between the essence
And the descent
Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

For Thine is
Life is
For Thine is

*This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.*

This poem is perhaps a consummate expression of meaninglessness and disillusionment. Is the poet completely without hope? ("Sightless, unless the eyes reappear.") Perhaps one can never focus or express a state of mind until one has begun to emerge from it?

The poet's objectivity strikes one immediately, and the fact that he echoes not merely his own words but the words of others, whether they are fragments of nursery rhymes or of the Lord's Prayer. This is another thing which makes the imagery of T. S. Eliot, perhaps the greatest living poet, particularly difficult; it is derived from art as well

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as from life. Lines, fragments of his experience of life in art, appear as images in the same way as the "cawing rooks" and "knocking brooms" of James Ramsay, and many of them are not so easy to recognise and appreciate. Compare the following quotation from *The Waste Land*, where a dirge from a Jacobean play, "the hypocrite lecteur" of a cynical nineteenth century Frenchman and the "mon semblable, mon fiere" of Villon's *Ballade des Pendus* (the Hanged) have a background which the ordinary reader cannot appreciate.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

.
"You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!
"That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
"Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
"Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
"Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
"Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!
"You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable—mon
frère!"

The images, however, do in the poem give the impressions the writer wishes, whether or not we know *all* the complex of emotion and image and idea which the writer associates with them. And we could not of course ever know this, even about refrigerators or cawing rooks. That is what good imagery must do, achieve the image which is at once

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precise in the full context of the writer's experience, and objective in its power to represent impersonally to others his meaning in a particular poem. The bad poet does not achieve this. He is, in his imagery, both personal and obscure.

Exercises: (1) Examine the imagery of *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, an earlier poem by T. S. Eliot.

Which do you think the better poem, this or *The Hollow Men*? Which concentrates more experience? Would you call either great? What significance has the substitution of "prickly pear" for "mulberry bush" in *The Hollow Men*?

THE SUBCONSCIOUS

It is evident in *Alfred Prufrock* and in *The Hollow Men* especially, that what torments the writer is his loss of a sense of reality. Ideas and actualities, emotions and actions, have somehow become disconnected so that neither the abstract nor the concrete seems real. By the very aim of his work the artist is forced to recover a sense of reality and significance, and though those artists who have recovered it have done so in the only way possible, by acquiring or achieving a conscious philosophy, it is impossible to understand either their imagery or their other methods without noticing where and how they first tried to recover this sense of life as something significant and true.

Some few certainly attempted to concentrate on life at the elementary physical level and exploit their mere sensations for what they were worth. The point about sensations, however, is that they may be pleasant or painful, but they can hardly be said to mean anything except in relation to emotions and ideas. "Let us therefore," said the modern writers, "explore our emotions and ideas."

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Now this was precisely what the psychologists were engaged in doing with their theories about the subconscious mind; and its effect on the conscious mind and on our actions. They said that there are two "levels" of consciousness. If one imagines the mind as a sort of circulating rainbow cake in a glass case without a lid it will consist according to this theory of three layers.

- (1) Bottom layer—unconscious.
- (2) Middle layer—subconscious.
- (3) Top layer—conscious.

The personal experiences which form the peculiar consistency of this cake will, if they are conscious at the time one has them, drop in at the top where they may stay in the conscious layer from which they can be produced at any time. They may, however, either sink or be pushed into the subconscious layer where they influence conscious thoughts and feelings, and actions both conscious and unconscious, but from which they themselves emerge only in dreams or after careful stirring and fishing from the top. The results of these processes are expressed in modern art; they are sometimes pleasant and sometimes unpleasant; they are, according to the quality of the artist, sometimes entertaining and sometimes dull. They are also sometimes penetrating and exquisitely expressed.

What effect will they have on technique? First of all the man who dreams at all and remembers his dreams will notice that the more fantastic of them have meaning, i.e., express experience, only if they are regarded as a series of images which concentrate and symbolise actualities, emotions and ideas. He may notice also that the time sequence in the dream has nothing to do with the time sequence of the experiences which it represents. The subconscious apparently has a complete contempt for time

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—and space—for it will put a Kaffir from a show in Christ Church into the midst of the vicar's asparagus bed because the vicar's wife always has to ask for the dreamer's yearly contribution to a foreign university in Peking. And the magpie which pecked him at the age of two will, by association of ideas with jackdaws, cardinals, vicars and/or foreign universities, or by association of emotions, "being pecked" with "being dunned," be sitting on a tree.

This "subconscious" of course is not to be despised. Its ability to solve our problems and wake us up has long been known, and it has acquired of late a sinister significance, for the scientist now confesses that his selection of what data he shall experience is subject to its control. In another sense also it has perhaps a creative logic of its own. Myths, says a critic, are born in the subconscious, survive in it, and by it are recognised and accepted in art. Consider the exceptional popularity of *Hamlet* among Shakespeare's plays.

One way apart from dreams, of cultivating the acquaintance of one's subconscious mind is by doing association tests. One starts with any word and goes on till stopped. If in the list all words which do not suggest concrete things are deleted a crude and diffuse sort of imagery will remain.

From an association test or a dream it is at once apparent that here is a quite new way for the writer to represent character and experience. Instead of introducing us to people merely through their actions, speech and conscious thoughts and feelings, he may take us a conducted tour round the glass cases we imagined above—he may show us their subconscious minds, and life as it appears to their subconscious minds. So on page 1 the hero may be thirty-nine, and on page 2 he may be nineteen months. The outward action and dialogue of the book may, as in

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Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, occupy only one day (or as in *Between the Acts* a summer afternoon during which a pageant is enacted on the terrace of a country house), but through the subconscious minds of the "characters" on that particular day, or during that particular time, we may see in a series of focal points the experience of all their lives. There may again be no outward action and dialogue but, as in *The Waves*, merely a series of intermingled soliloquies. And if this strikes anyone as dull he should remember Harry's remark in T. S. Eliot's play *The Family Reunion*:

"People to whom nothing has ever happened
Cannot understand the unimportance of events."

That is if anything a little cataclysmic ever does happen to a man understands that, in life itself events acquire their significance from the ideas and emotions which they represent. If they did not, we should all be "people to whom nothing has happened, at most a continual impact of external events, who have gone through life in sleep." It is extraordinary how some people, from the books they write, appear to be able to do this. A war biography may represent much less real experience than *Cranford*.

For this reason the lyrical artist no less than the dramatic artist may approach life through the subconscious mind. The novel, a more diffuse art peculiarly adapted to the expression of something so vague and disordered as subconscious processes, is perhaps the typical literary form of the modern period, but neither the novelist nor, still less, the lyrist or playwright is content with mere slices of solid subconscious cake. He must select and he must focus, and the quality of his work will depend partly on the quality of subconscious and conscious experience which it represents, and partly upon his ability to make objective the subjective symbols of his own mind. What does this mean?

DREAM IMAGERY AND ARTISTIC IMAGERY

The Kaffir in the Vicar's asparagus bed
Is pecking the yellow tulips.
Christ Church, said my grandmother
'In her prim fashion,'
Is too far from Rheims.

This is transcribed from the dream on p. 27. The reader will of course realise that the tulips are yellow because of Peking, and that Rheims is connected with jackdaws and the writer's French great-great-grandmother. That is, the poem is intelligible—to some extent—to the writer or anyone to whom the writer has troubled to explain it. But what is wrong with it? What makes it ridiculous? Simply, that it has no point. The experiences represented have no significance because they represent no intense emotions or interesting ideas, or if they do, this is certainly not expressed in the images furnished by the dream, the subconscious process.

Now compare that dream and that poem with these.

The writer, whose lover has been killed two years before, dreams that she is sitting in the palm lounge of the Hotel St. James. She orders an Alexander cocktail with condition-powder in it for a dog which died fourteen years before, some years before she met him. While she is waiting she watches a red rose in a bowl fall leaf by leaf until the dead man comes in. There is some conversation; the waiter returns with the cocktail.

"Here's your cocktail," she remarks.

"I've put gunpowder in it," says the waiter. She wakes up.

The fantastic imagery of the dream is easily explained. The dog had been poisoned in the prime of its life. She

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had loved this dog more than anyone except two or three people. It had had a habit when a puppy of picking flowers, particularly red flowers, and the dead man had had a habit of buying red roses for her. She had had an Alexander cocktail only once, with him in that particular place. They both disliked it.

Now this dream expresses not merely intense emotion which unites as symbols fragments of events completely separate in time and place; it expresses also the idea that what we get in life is frequently not what we ask for. Here is the beginning of a poem which the dreamer wrote afterwards:

So we sit at the beginning of silence,
Served by the ineluctable waiter,
With the expensive stimulant
For which we did not ask;
Palms strewed, not of our choosing,
Over the ash of the inimitable rose.

Examine the imagery of the poem. How is it different, though derived, from the dream imagery? It has, 'as it were, shed the merely personal details, some of which would have made it as ridiculous as the Kaffir poem; the condition powder, the name of the hotel, the cocktail, none of which have any power as objective symbols—that is, any power outside the mind of the writer to represent the experience which she wishes to represent. Her conscious mind has selected from the imagery of the subconscious what it was able to turn into an objective as well as a subjective symbol: it has also focussed it, looking at it consciously, making explicit ideas almost concealed in the dream, the idea that the waiter (whom does he represent?) is ineluctable (inescapable) that the stimulant for which we do not ask is a stimulant though expensive. (Of what?)

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The conscious writer as opposed to the subconscious dreamer has also deepened the symbolism. Palms may or may not be connected outside her mind with hotel lounges, they are connected with Roman victors and Palm Sunday. And it is the conscious mind which provides us with "the inimitable rose," an echo perhaps of the one good line of an eighteenth century poet.

And does in fading silks compose
Faintly the inimitable rose. .

So modern imagery is more conscious and more difficult because it often represents subconscious thoughts and feelings, whereas the older imagery, which is noticeably easier to understand, tries to represent conscious symbolism only. The point is that good modern imagery is a conscious attempt to represent the subconscious in an objective way. Mere dream imagery is not good imagery, it is too subjective.

Exercises: (1) Neither of the following use mere dream imagery. But in which do you think the imagery and the emotion it represents more objective and universal, less personal? How do the poems differ in the ideas they express?

(a)

NEWSREEL

Enter the dream-house, brothers and sisters, leaving
Your debts asleep, your history at the door:
This is the home for heroes, and this loving
Darkness a fur you can afford.

Fish in their tank electrically heated
Nose without envy the glass wall: for them
Clerk, spy, nurse, killer, prince, the great and the
defeated,
Move in a mute, day-dream.

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Bathed in this common source, you gape incurious
At what your active hours have willed—
‘Sleep-walking on that silver wall, the furious
Sick shapes and pregnant fancies of your world.

There is the mayor opening the oyster season:
A society wedding: the autumn hats look swell:
An old crocks’ race, and a politician
In fishing-waders to prove that all is well.

Oh, look at the warplanes! Screaming hysteric treble
In the long power-dive, like gannets they fall steep,
But what are they to trouble—
These silver shadows to trouble your watery, womb-
deep sleep?

See the big guns, rising, groping, erected
To plant death in your world’s soft womb.
Fire-bud, smoke-blossom, iron seed projected—
Are these exotic? They will grow nearer home:

Grow nearer home—and out of the dream-house
stumbling
One night into a strangling air and the flung
Rags of children and thunder of stone niagaras
tumbling,
You’ll know you slept too long.

- (b) We all of us make the pretension
To be the uncommon exception
To the universal bondage.
We like to appear in the newspapers
So long as we are in the right column.
We know about the railway accident
We know about the sudden thrombosis
And the slowly hardening artery.

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We like to be thought well of by others
So that we may think well of ourselves.
And any explanation will satisfy:
We only ask to be reassured
About the noises in the cellar
And the window that should not have been open.
Why do we all behave as if the door might suddenly
open, and the curtains be drawn,
The cellar make some dreadful disclosure, the roof
disappear,
And we should cease to be sure of what is real or
unreal?
Hold tight, hold tight, we must insist that the world
is what we have always taken it to be.

(2) Compare with (1) the ideas and imagery in the following:

- (a) We do not like to look out of the same window, and see
quite a different landscape.
We do not like to climb a stair, and find that it takes us
down.
We do not like to walk out of a door, and find ourselves
back in the same room.
We do not like the maze in the garden, because it too
closely resembles the maze in the brain.
We do not like what happens when we are awake,
because it too closely resembles what happens
when we are asleep.
We understand the ordinary business of living,
We know how to work the machine,
We can usually avoid accidents,
We are insured against fire,
Against larceny and illness,

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Against defective plumbing.
But not against the act of God.
We know various spells and enchantments,
And minor forms of sorcery,
Divination and chiromancy,
Specifics against insomnia,
Lumbago, and the loss of money.
But the circle of our understanding
Is a very restricted area.
Except for a limited number
Of strictly practical purposes
We do not know what we are doing;
And even, when you think of it,
We do not know much about thinking.
What is happening outside of the circle?
And what is the meaning of happening?
What ambush lies beyond the heather
And behind the Standing Stones?
Beyond the Heavyside Layer
And behind the smiling moon?
And what is being done to us?
And what are we, and what are we doing?
To each and all of these questions
There is no conceivable answer.
We have suffered far more than a personal loss--
We have lost our way in the dark.

- (b) Chalk and ink and rows of pegs and lockers;
The War was on—maize and margarine
And lessons on the map of Flanders.
But we had our toys—our electric torches, our glass
Dogs and cats, and plasticine and conkers,
And we had our games, we learned to dribble and pass
In jerseys striped like tigers.

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And we had our makebelieve, we had our mock
Freedom in walks by twos and threes on Sunday,
We dug out fossils from the yellow rock
Or drank the Dorset distance.
And we had our little tiptoe minds, alert
To jump for facts and fancies and statistics
And our little jokes of Billy Bunter dirt
And a heap of home-made dogma.
The Abbey chimes varnished the yellow street,
The water from the taps in the bath was yellow,
The trees were full of owls, the sweets were sweet
And life an expanding ladder.
And reading romances we longed to be grown-up,
To shoot from the hip and marry lovely ladies
And smoke cigars and live on claret cup
And lie in bed in the morning;
Taking it for granted that things would still
Get better and bigger and better and bigger and
better,
That the road across the hill
Led to the Garden of Eden.
And we found it was time to be leaving
To be changing school.

Another lingo to talk
And jerseys in other colours,
And still the acquiring of unrelated facts,
A string of military dates for history,
And the Gospels and the Acts
And logarithms and Greek and the Essays of Elia;
And still the exhilarating rhythm of free
Movement swimming or serving at tennis,
The fives-courts' tattling repartee
Or rain on the sweating body.

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But life began to narrow to what was done—
The dominant gerundive--
And Number Two must mimic Number One
In bearing, swearing, attitude and accent.
And so we jettisoned all
Our childish fantasies and anarchism;
The weak must go to the wall
But strength implies the system;
You must lose your soul to be strong, you cannot
stand
Alone on your own legs or your own ideas;
The order of the day is complete conformity and
An automatic complacence.
Such was the order of the day; only at times
The Fool among the yes-men flashed his motley
To prick their pseudo-reason with his rhymes
And drop his grain of salt on court behaviour.
And sometimes a whisper in books
Would challenge the code, or a censored memory
sometimes,
Sometimes the explosion of rooks,
Sometimes the mere batter of light on the senses.
And the critic jailed in the mind would peep through
the grate
And husky from long silence, murmur gently
That there is something rotten in the state
Of Denmark but the state is not the whole of Den-
mark;
And a spade is still a spade
And the difference is not final between a tailored
Suit and a ready-made
And knowledge is not--necessarily--wisdom;
And a cultured accent alone will not provide
A season ticket to the *Vita Nuova*.

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If mere dream imagery is too personal, mere association test imagery is too loose and vague.

Examine the following poem. (It is interesting to compare it with Hardy's on p. 4.) How does it compare in objectivity? Are you struck by anything in the expression which appears almost indecently private and personal, but which at the same time expresses in a subjective way only a vague feeling such as anyone might have?

Twilight it is, and the far woods are dim, and the rooks cry
and call.

Down in the valley the lamps, and the mist, and a star
over all,

There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone at an end,
Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear long ago
in the past,
Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that death
cannot last:

Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust has defiled,
Beautiful souls who were gentle when I was a child.

What one has in this poem, which might have been a good one even if it did not use imagery, is association of twilight with dead friends, friends with eyes, and death with dust. In the second last line there is almost an image, but the writer just does not succeed in welding together the concrete symbol and the idea.

Compare his line with Shakespeare's

Even through the hollow eyes of death
I see life peering,

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or, if it is the opposite idea and emotion as in *Twilight* that is to be welded with the concrete symbol, compare it with

'The cry of the bat in the eyes of the dead.

Now a modern writer who thought, as some appear to do, that a mere selection from an association test is good imagery might have written instead:

Twilight --bats blind as death
Inarticulate--hurt,"

and given us a series of detachable images connected with each other but not welded together in the whole experience of emotion and idea which they represent. This is really a cross between the decorated style on the one hand and imagery, or the complex or symbolic style on the other. The complex or symbolic style differs from the plain style in not being simple, and from the decorated style in not consisting of a series of detachable details which build up bit by bit the impression of a landscape or a state of mind. Compare Enobarbus's "description" of Cleopatra's arrival:

A strange invisible perfume
Hits the sense of the adjacent wharves.

If one tries to leave the perfume out of the impression something queer happens to the wharves, and if one attempts to subtract the wharves the perfume appears to be modified. The concrete details are so welded together in the writer's expression of his experience that taking one out does not leave a mere space. It is not like losing a button, it is like pulling out a thread--the whole fabric is damaged, not what it was before. This is imagery, which is not really description or "writing down," or enumerating details as they appear, but so selecting and welding them together that taken together they mean a whole experience.

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Exercise: Which of the following is mere descriptive writing and which imagery?

(a) 'The grainy sand had gone from under his feet. His boots trod again a damp crackling mast, razor-shells, creaking pebbles, that on the unnumbered pebbles beat, woods sieved by the shipworm, lost Armada. Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath. He coasted them, walking warily. A porter-bottle stood up, stogged to its waist, in the cakey sand dough. A sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst. Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; further away chalk-scrawled back-doors and on the higher beach a drying-line with two crucified shirts.'

(b) 'Four days ago we were heading into the blue Mediterranean, bluer than any sea way back home in New Zealand. It seems to open up like a shell, full of blue and white, and tiny lapping waves. The first day the bombers appeared they just slid along the blue line of horizon in tiny grey patches, then moved off into the far distance and were lost to us. The following day the patches again appeared and grew closer and bigger and belched smoke and roared down upon us from the sun-flecked clouds.'

(c) 'Nothing it seemed could break that image, corrupt that innocence or disturb the swaying mantle of silence which, week after week, in the empty room, wove into itself the falling cries of birds, ships hooting, the drone and hum of the fields, a dog's bark, a man's shout and folded them round the house in silence. Once only a board sprang on the landing; once in the middle of the night with a roar, with a rupture, as after centuries of quiescence a rock rends itself from the mountain and hurtles crashing into the valley, one fold of the shawl loosened and swung to and fro. Then again peace descended and the shadow wavered;

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light bent to its own image in adoration on the bedroom wall.'

In giving his impression of a thing the modern writer often fuses his selected details so that according to logic his sentence does not make sense. It jumps the gaps which could be laboriously explained by logical description and concentrate meaning in the image. Consider the italicised lines in the following poem (Who stood? Why "stood"?):

ENEMY AIRCRAFT OVERHEAD

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar oh mysterious priest
With not quite seemly haste?
These caught commemorative eyes
Where have they stood,
To hear the exquisite knocking of the blood
Frozen beyond the texture of surprise?
And do we seem
Below their ineluctable skies,
Etched in the simulacrum of a dream?

CONFIGURATION WORDS

The more conscious a writer is of trying to weld violently together the fragments of his experience, to achieve a philosophy, the more conscious is he likely to be of the necessity of concentrating as much as possible in his images, of twisting language perhaps violently to submit to his desire to weld together what it represents. Hence his coined words, his changes of function, verbs becoming nouns and nouns verbs; hence above all, his compound words which "think-and-feel-together" or "configure" things normally unrelated. All these are typical of the

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later style of Shakespeare but they are carried to a much more advanced and conscious stage in the work of Gerard Manley Hopkins, a late nineteenth century poet whose work, published posthumously in this century by his friend, Robert Bridges, has had more influence on both the rhythms and the diction of the modern poets than that of any other writer beside the seventeenth century Donne. The effect of both these men on metre will be apparent later; but just as the modern poets turned naturally to Donne, as to a man like them seeking in the fragmentary impressions of the concrete the symbol of the real, seeking to analyse his intense emotional experience and express it in highly intellectual and therefore unsentimentalised imagery, so they turned to Hopkins also for the intense combination of passion and sense impression and idea. For Hopkins is above all a man sensitive to all these things and a man who will mould language, whether one likes it or not, to the pattern of his experience. Sometimes he is successful, sometimes not. Many of Shakespeare's coinings and changes of function established themselves as national idioms. Examine the changes of function and configuration words in the following:

- (1) The hearts
That spaniel'd me-at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy.
- (2) As a dare-gale skylark scanted in a dull cage
Man's mounting spirit in his bone-house, mean house
dwells
That bird beyond the remembering his free fells ;
This in drudgery, day-labouring-out life's age.
- (3) How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides
Your looped and windowed raggedness defend
you. . . . ,

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- (4) Oh that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal.
(5) What lovely behaviour
Of silk-sack clouds! Has wilder, wilful-wavier
Meal-drift moulded ever and melted across skies?
(6) I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever.
(7) My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird -the achieve of, the mastery of
the thing.
(8) I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed.
(9) Nor dare I chide the world-without-end-hour.
(10) I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness.
(11) Widow-making, unchilding, unfathering deeps.
(12) He words me, girls.

Sometimes, although the hyphens are not actually there, we feel that a phrase, a new phrase, not an old one like a cliché, does in fact so think-and-feel-together-in-the-one-pattern what the writer wishes to express that it is one thing, not several. It is like a single word where we subconsciously remember the derivations of the parts.

Are you beam-blind, yet to a fault
In a neighbour deft-handed? Are you that liar
And, cast by conscience out, spendsavour salt?

"Cast by conscience out" and "spendsavour salt" are hyphenated in the mind though not in the writing.

PORTMANTEAU WORDS

This sort of thing is done in a different way in prose by James Joyce, the most difficult of the modern novelists. *Finnegan's Wake* is the subconscious mind at its most

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subconscious. The writer—and reader—however both need to be very conscious indeed, of among other things a considerable number of modern and several ancient languages. The technique consists largely in twins of omission, that is, judicious ellipses of ideas and parts of words and the running together of the rest. Compare Lewis Carroll's portmanteau words in *Alice Through the Looking Glass*. One may, in noticing the similarity in word construction, either come to the conclusion that nonsense is a very serious form of writing, or that much serious writing is nonsense, but it is perhaps as well to remember that a man may use the same stroke for aquatic stunting expressing mere *joie de vivre*, and for saving someone's life.

'Steady on, Cooloosus! Mind your stride or you'll knock, While I'm dodging the dustbins. Look what I found! A lintil pea. And look at here! This cara weeseed. Pretty mites, my sweetthings, was they poorloves abandoned by wholawidey world? Neighboulotts for newtown. The Eblanamagna you behazyheld looming up out of the dumblyness. But thestill sama sitta. I've lapped so long. As you said. It fair takes. If I lose my breath for a minute or two don't speak, remember. Once it happened, so it may again. Why I'm all these years within years in soffran, all-beleaved. To hide away the tear, the parted. It's thinking of all. The brave that gave their. The fair that wore. All them that's gunne. I'll begin again in a jiffy.'

He does—indeed he never stops. This is the end of the book.

'One two moremens mote. So. Avelaval. My leaves have drifted from me. All. But one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me of. Lff! So soft this morning ours. Yes. Carry me along, taddy, like you

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done through the toy fair. If I seen him bearing down on me now under whitespread wings like he'd come from Arkangels, I sink I'd die down over his feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup. Yes, tid. There's where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here. Us then. Finn, aguin! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till thousandsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the'

Exercise: Analyse: behazyheld, rasstling, slusky, looth-ing, howsomendeavour.

THE SIGNIFICANT INSTANT

We have, except for our last excursion, been discussing the technique of imagery in verse or in so-called "descriptive" passages where the writer speaks in his own person or as the teller of his tale. Poetry is capable of a much greater degree of concentration than prose, and the focus and patterning of experience which a poet may accomplish in a few lines the novelist will accomplish only in his whole book. But somehow he must accomplish it. He may use dream imagery or association test imagery for dramatic effects just as he may make the people in his book speak as artists, or scientific writers, persuasive writers, or propagandists,¹ but he must so focus their speech or their subconscious imagery that it becomes objective and significant.

The novelist who deals with the subconscious minds of his characters has obviously more difficulty in unifying them in one pattern than the writer who shows their interaction constantly in dialogue and action. When their conscious thoughts and actions appear only as "flickering lights" against the dim, moving background of their subconscious life the writer's focus is very difficult to achieve.

¹ See Introduction.

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Read the following passage from Virginia Woolf (the italics are mine):

'As summer neared, as the evenings lengthened, there came to the wakeful, the hopeful, walking the beach, stirring the pool, imaginations of the strangest kind—of flesh turned to atoms which drove before the wind, of stars flashing in their hearts, of cliff, sea, cloud, and sky, *brought purposely together to assemble outwardly the scattered parts of the vision within.* In those mirrors, the minds of men, in those pools of uneasy water in which clouds forever turn and shadows form, dreams persisted, and it was impossible to resist the strange intimation which every gull, flower, tree, man and woman, and the white earth itself seemed to declare (but if questioned at once to withdraw) that good triumphs, happiness prevails, order rules; or to resist the extraordinary stimulus to range hither and thither in search of some absolute good, *some crystal of intensity*, remote from the known pleasures and familiar virtues, something alien to the processes of domestic life, single, hard, bright, like a diamond in the sand, which would render the possessor secure. Moreover, softened and acquiescent, the spring with her bees humming, and gnats dancing, threw her cloak about her, veiled her eyes, averted her head, and among passing shadows and flights of small rain seemed to have taken upon her a knowledge of the sorrows of mankind.'¹

It is this "crystal of intensity" that Virginia Woolf has called elsewhere the "significant instant," the moment of focus and vision when the unwieldy material of a book or of life is thought and felt altogether as an objective whole. She looked at life, she said, "as the breaking wave," her aim "to crystallise the drops as they fell"; and she certainly

¹ VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse* (Hogarth Press and Dent).

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does achieve in her books an impression of life as at once vivid and remote, of something so rapidly moving that it looks still. It looks still because we move with it and yet see it. In the detachment accomplished by the sudden patterning before us in an image or a combination of images, of character and action and natural things, is a vision of the life of the book which attains to being a vision of life itself.

And human character is part of this life. "I want to break down the old stable ego of character," said D. H. Lawrence, "life, not character, allotropic forms of life." In this D. H. Lawrence did not, perhaps succeed, but Virginia Woolf does break down character, and yet retains it, or rather breaks it down in order to recreate it with the peculiar significance of an artistic as compared with a natural form. That significance a physical analogy may perhaps illuminate. Photons, says the physicist, are neither merely particles nor merely waves: people, says Virginia Woolf, are neither merely individuals nor merely waves of life. They are both—when they are perfectly themselves and then they become, as it were, embodied significant instants, the focus in which reality coheres.

"But what a power was in the human soul! she thought. That woman sitting there, writing under the rock, resolved everything into simplicity; she brought together this and that and then this, and so made of that miserable silliness . . . something which survived, after all these years, complete, so that she dipped into it to refashion her memory of him, and it stayed in the mind like a work of art. . . . What is the meaning of life? That was all—a simple question; one that tended to close in on one with years. The great revelation had never come. The great revelation perhaps never did come. Instead there were little daily miracles, illumina-

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tions, matches struck unexpectedly in the dark; here was one. This, that and the other; herself and Charles Tansley and the breaking wave; Mrs. Ramsay bringing them together; Mrs. Ramsay saying, "Life, stand still here"; Mrs. Ramsay making of the moment something permanent (as in another sphere Lily herself tried to make of the moment something permanent)—this was of the nature of a revelation. In the midst of chaos there was shape; this eternal passing and flowing (she looked at the clouds going and the leaves shaking) was struck into stability. "Life stand still here," Mrs. Ramsay said. "Mrs. Ramsay! Mrs. Ramsay!" she repeated. She owed this revelation to her.¹

In a sense Mrs. Ramsay *is* the art of Virginia Woolf.

Exercise: In a novel this sudden patterning of experience, wherever it occurs, this "significant instant," can be judged accurately only in relation to the rest of the book. Sometimes, however, even in idly turning over pages one may be arrested by a passage which seems to embody a distinct focus of life. In the following passages, what, without reading the books, could one say of the writer's vision of life? He sees human character as . . . ? Pitiful? Terrible? Significant? Of what?

(1) 'Stephen turned towards his companion and looked at him for a moment boldly in the eyes. Lynch, recovering from his laughter, answered his look from his humbled eyes. The long, slender, flattened skull beneath the long pointed cap brought before Stephen's mind the image of a hooded reptile. The eyes, too, were reptile-like in glint and gaze. Yet at that instant, humbled and alert in their look, they were lit by one tiny human point, the window of a shrivelled soul, poignant and self-embittered.'

¹ VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse* (Hogarth Press).

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(2) 'Ugly and futile: lean neck and tangled hair and a stain of ink, a snail's bed. Yet someone had loved him, borne him in her arms and in her heart. But for her the race of the world would have trampled him under foot, a squashed boneless snail. She had loved his weak watery blood drained from her own. Was that then real? The only true thing in life? His mother's prostrate body: the trembling skeleton of a twig burnt in the fire, an odour of rosewood and wetted ashes. She had saved him from being trampled under foot and had gone, scarcely having been. A poor soul gone to heaven: and on a heath beneath winking stars a fox, red reek of rapine in his fur, with merciless bright eyes, scraped in the earth, listened, scraped up the earth, listened, scraped and scraped.'

Exercise: Read the following passage¹ and then answer as concisely as possible these questions.

- (1) How does Virginia Woolf say we should read a book?
- (2) What does she say is the quickest way to understand what a novelist is doing?
- (3) Sum up what she suggests the novelist is doing.
- (4) What does she say is one of the differences between the great novelist and the lesser writer?

(5) Read *Mrs. Dalloway* or *To the Lighthouse*. Is it possible to decide in what "perspective" Virginia Woolf herself sees "reality"? Does she ever "introduce two kinds of reality into the same book"? What is her peculiar kind of reality?

'Most commonly we come to books with blurred and divided minds, asking of fiction that it shall be true, of poetry that it shall be false, of biography that it shall be flattering, of history that it shall enforce our own prejudices.

¹ VIRGINIA WOOLF: *The Common Reader* (Hogarth Press).

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If we would banish all such preconceptions when we read, that would be an admirable beginning. Do not dictate to your author; try to become him. If you hang back and reserve and criticise at first, you are preventing yourself from getting the fullest possible value from what you read. But if you open your mind as widely as possible, then signs and hints of almost imperceptible fineness, from the twist and turn of the first sentences will bring you into the presence of a human being unlike any other. Steep yourself in this, acquaint yourself with this and soon you will find that your author is giving you, or attempting to give you, something far more definite. The thirty-two chapters of a novel—if we consider how to read a novel first—are an attempt to make something as formed and controlled as a building; but words are more impalpable than bricks; reading is a longer and more complicated process than seeing. Perhaps the quickest way to understand the elements of what a novelist is doing is not to read but to write; to make your own experiment with the dangers and difficulties of words. Recall then some event that has left a distinct impression on you—how at the corner of the street perhaps you passed two people talking. A tree shook; an electric light danced; the tone of the talk was comic but also tragic; a whole vision, an entire conception seemed contained in that moment.

But when you attempt to reconstruct it in words you will find that it breaks into a thousand conflicting impressions, some must be subdued; others emphasised; in the process you will lose probably all grasp upon the emotion itself. They turn from your blurred and littered pages to the opening pages of some great novelist—Defoe, Jane Austen, Hardy. Now you will be better able to appreciate their mastery. It is not merely that we are in the presence of a different person—Defoe, Jane Austen, Hardy—but we are

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living in a different world. Here in *Robinson Crusoe* we are trudging a plain highroad; one thing happens after another; the fact and the order of the facts is enough, but if the open air and adventure mean everything to Defoe they mean nothing to Jane Austen. Hers is the drawing-room and people talking and by the many mirrors of their talk revealing their characters. And if, when we have accustomed ourselves to the drawing-room and its reflections, we turn to Hardy we are once more spun round. The moors are round us and the stars are above our heads, the other side of the mind is now exposed—the dark side that comes uppermost in solitude, not the light side that shows in company. Our relations are not towards people but towards nature and destiny. Yet different as these worlds are, each is consistent with itself. The maker of each is careful to observe the laws of his own perspective, and however great a strain they may put upon us they will never confuse us as lesser writers so frequently do, by introducing two different kinds of reality into the same book. Thus to go from one great novelist to another—from Jane Austen to Hardy, from Peacock to Trollope, from Scott to Meredith—is to be wrenched and uprooted; to be thrown this way and then that. To read a novel is a difficult and complex art. You must be capable not only of great fineness of perception but of great boldness of imagination if you are going to make use of all that the novelist—the great artist—gives you.'

It may be argued that we know other people through their speech and actions (they do not habitually tell us their dreams nor do we give our acquaintances association tests with every casual cup of tea), and that the attempt by a novelist to express the subconscious mind is futile (*a*) because it is no longer subconscious when he expresses it (this

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applies also to the lyricist) and (b) because it is only his own subconscious mind he knows anything about.

Exercise: Read the following passage from a novel. How does it justify in the novelist the use of his own subconscious mind?

THE BRIDGE

'It was then that the searchlights lit upon the crest, and from quite close bullets cut across the side of the hill, whipping the air above the heads of those five men who still remained. "Too high as usual," Smith said, testing his voice, measuring in a sort of bravado those taut wires strung through his body stretching from brain to heart, through every limb to each extremity.

"Is that contraption ready?" he asked Jones.

"We did a beautiful job," Jones said. "Out of the textbook. It seems a pity to waste it."

"Fire the damn thing," Smith said, and Jones, kneeling beside him, locked the key into the exploder.

It was not clear then what happened; but Jones appeared to fall forward upon the exploder and at the same suspended instant, a pause of time attached to the red and green rockets that still lingered behind, the earth moved upwards beneath them, the earth ahead moved into the sky, the world was held in one single fan of white fierce light that threw upon the crest a mark of torrid silence. Through this unnatural quiet the machine-guns still tapped gently with timid fingers on the pane of a frosted window.'

A PAUSE UPON THE BRIDGE

At the blow which struck Smith down from the crouching attitude to which he had risen all senses quickly fled. He was aware only that the finger had pointed to him,

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beckoning, touching him quietly. "You," said the voice behind the finger.

"Not me," Smith cried soundlessly, lips still, heart silent, spirit fluttering within a desperate void in search of light, a beacon, gleam of hope or promise for its attraction. "Others," he cried. "Each in his turn, but not me. Not mine the choke of blood, the blinded eye, dull ear, the stifled breath, still hand, and this steep fall through torrents of darkness. 'Not me, not me.'" And then as his courage returned, or as some new spirit entered to harry victorious fear, he was filled at last with intense fatigue and the sense of fulfilment that precedes rest. Terror, despair, hope were gone. There was only exhaustion and a tranquility in which the peace which surpassed a man's understanding was scarcely incomprehensible.

"Am I dying? Am I dead?" he now could ask, with impersonal curiosity; and now could note the skilful fingers fumbling at his field dressing and at his battle-dress, the pressure of a pad, the restriction of bandage, punch of a needle, whispered order; words far distant of command and exhortation merged with phrases of a further past. Scenes and arguments had lost their sequence. "He'll do," said the medical orderly. "Just a chance." "He'll do," said his father, finishing the rabbit hutch. "Just a chance," said Barnes, as he blew at a sullen fire on the rain-soaked side of a mountain. "Not a chance," said Smith himself, as the fish leapt before plunging to the weed-beds of a Cotswold stream.

Then was the world made plain with passion easily discerned, with argument cut down to the root of its discontent, with hopes slanting through the cumulus of passing fear. All was plain, beyond the lucidity of speech, beyond the comprehensive limit of the painter's brush, beyond even the power and depth of stringed music.

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All was so plain and clear, that to Smith lapped in this escape from hurt it was apparent only by a process of transmutation of his own passionate urge. All was so brilliant, each detail of such importance that it defied objective description, the longings of an ignorant Hunt, the compassion of the sergeant-major, the quick argument of intellectual Barnes, the cool disclosures of Jones, the feelings, words, acts, prayers of these men were at last evident to him as identical with all that he himself had suffered, said, done and pleaded; identical and thus expressible only in identical terms. The thought behind their words was more clear than winter sunlight; so clear that the words themselves became confused, strange and lost to re-emerge as words that were his own. For only his own words and the recollection of his own heart could suffice in clarity to record the passion of his friends. Each man, it seemed to Smith, each one a soldier was similar and interchangeable, each was in tune; the reactions of all could be played upon the single instrument of his own expression. "When I speak of my Cotswold home," said Smith, "I speak of the northern fell that belongs to Jones, the corner of a slum that is Hunt's, or the elegant chambers of Corporal Barnes. For each one of us," he added, "has left the valley of peace to climb upon the mountains of war, to suffer its rigours and rebukes as a man upon the mountains is battered by the mountain wind, distressed by the steepness of the slopes and lashed by the icy mists."

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And as he lay wounded with his friends upon the crest that overlooked a shattered bridge his ear recalled the words of jest and argument, order and rebuke, that were the milestones of their war-time travel. Now and again all words, all personal speech were engulfed and silenced by the

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high-placed trumpet that spoke with the voice of authority through the lips of a soldier set above soldiers; the same trumpet that had rung through the valley to disturb uneasy peace. And as Smith and the others lay before death among the stunted scrub of a foreign ridge, his eye and the eye of his heart peered through the lens of his own experience at the passions and actions of his friends, flitting from one to another and lighting again and again upon the idle days of the valley that was peace, or upon the sorrows and tedium of the hill that was a time of war.'

RHYTHM

One of the striking things about modern poetry is the unusual use of rhythm. The rhythm of both poetry and prose has come nearer to the rhythm of conversational speech, and poetic rhythm does not appear to conform in the least to the metric standards of older work. To understand the latest use of metre in English poetry we must look further back than the Norman Conquest, to some English which will probably seem even more obscure than the style of James Joyce.

/ x x x / x / / x /
Beowulf waes bre^me, blæd wide sprang
x / x x / x x
Ne hyrde ic cymlicor¹

(Beowulf was renowned, his glory spread far and wide nor did I ever hear more deservedly).

Old English metre was alliterative and without rhyme. Like English speech it was strongly stressed. Between each strong stress and the next, the number of unstressed

¹ The symbols / and X are used to indicate a rhythm dependent on speech stress and lack of stress. — and U to indicate one dependent on an artificial syllabic scheme. Since English metre always depends on stresses and slacks, whether or not these are arranged to coincide with the syllabic feet, / and X should always be used in English poetry.

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syllables varied. As far as number of syllables went, a line might be as long or as short as the writer pleased. There were various types according to the number and arrangement of stresses.

French metre on the other hand, introduced by the Normans, had no strong stress accent, rhymed and constructed its lines according to the number of syllables. These were arranged in pairs of long and short, not according to the spoken rhythm, for spoken French has no stress, but according to an artificial system.

U - U - U - U - U -

After the Norman Conquest some medieval poets like the authors of *Piers Plowman* and *Sir Gawain* went on using the old English system, but it is the remarkable achievement of Chaucer that he combined the two. Since his time alliteration and rhyme in English poetry have become a matter of choice and English metre has used the French syllabic schemes, but has made the long syllables speech stresses. So U - / U - / U - / U - / U - / becomes XI / XI / XI / XI / XI /.

Chaucer abolished the varying number of unstressed syllables in Old English poetry, but he allowed himself an important license which English poets since have made use of more or less according to temperament, the license to use in a particular foot a speech stress combination different from that required by the regular scheme. For instance, the first line of *The Canterbury Tales*. (Sote = sweet.)

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
would, if scanned according to regular syllabic metre, be

U - | U - | U - | U - | U - | U
Whan that. | Aprille with | his shou | res so | te.

(The short syllable at the end, or feminine ending, is

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a license allowed even by the French, and named by them.)

But if the line is scanned as it should be, it is

x x x / | x x | x / | x / | x
Whan that April^e with | his shou^res so^te

using a foot,¹ of two unstressed syllables X X, which is completely unknown in French poetry, and of its nature such that one could not write a complete line in it, but without which the true scansion of English poetry is impossible. A line such as

x x x / | x x | x / | x /
Shall I compare | thee to | a sum^mer's day?

has both its sense and its music destroyed by being scanned
U - U - U - U - U - and one has only to imagine

• / / | x / | x / | x / | / /
Bare ruined choirs | where late | the sweet | birds sang

in strict syllabic metre U - U - U - U - U - to see how completely does the great English poet control his metre instead of allowing it to control him.

Exercise: Scan the sonnets mentioned on p. 15.

The subtlety of Shakespeare's rhythm depends largely on the fact that the mind hears running on in undercurrent the regular syllabic scheme with the speech variations upon it.

/ x | x / | x / | x / | x / x
Give me | my robe, | put on | my crown; | I have
x / | x / | x x | x / | / /
Immortal longings in | me; now | no more |
x / | x / | x / | x / | x /
The juice | of Egypt's grape | shall moist | my lips

NOTE: (1) that only the third of these lines is regular, and
(2) that it is possible to scan a line in more than one way.

For this subtle use of speech or stress rhythm mounted

¹ Called the pyrrhus or pyrrhic foot.

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upon the regular or syllabic scheme, Hopkins has invented the name of *Counterpoint Rhythm*, since its effect is like that of counterpoint in music, where the mind hears the main melody running beneath the variations. The strict syllabic rhythm he calls *Running Rhythm*, and a rhythm so counterpointed or varied that the original melody is no longer heard, and an irregular speech or stress rhythm like that of Old English scansion completely restored, he calls *Sprung Rhythm*. Most of his own poetry is written in this, and he uses alliteration almost as much as the Old English poets though he may use rhyme as well.

/ x / x x / x / x x x / x / x
 How to keep—is there any any, is there none such, nowhere
 / / / x / x / x / /
 known some, bow or brooch or braid or brace, lace,
 / x / x / x /
 latch or catch or key to keep.
 / / x / x / x / x / x x
 Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty . . . from
 / x x x /
 vanishing away?¹

Pre-Shakespearean poetry counterpointed comparatively little and the Jacobean John Donne, rebelling more irritably against conforming his stresses to strict syllabic metre, attained very different effects from Shakespeare's, and sometimes wrote in what is actually not counterpoint but sprung rhythm.

/ / x / x x / x x / / /
 She, she is gone, She is gone; When thou knowst this
 / / x x x / x x / / x
 What fragmentary rubbish this world is.

Some of the stresses here are exceedingly strong—as they are also in Hopkins. Donne's experiments are not always

¹ See Note I.

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successful—nor are Hopkins'—but he can write in both a counterpointed and a sprung rhythm which has an extraordinary capacity for reflecting conversational rhythms in much shorter cadences than Shakespeare's. The short cadence is characteristic of modern prose and modern poetry.

Exercise: Examine the rhythm of Herrick's *To Blossoms* and *To Daffodils*, both seventeenth-century poems.

Eighteenth-century poetry returned to a rigid syllabic metre where there is nearly always an exact coincidence of the spoken stress with the second element of the iamb, almost the only foot in use.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|--------|----|-------|------|-------|----|--------|------|---|
| x | / | x | / | x | / | x | / | x | / |
| But | most | by | num | bers | judge | a | poet's | song | |
| x | / | x | / | x | / | x | / | x | / |
| And | smooth | or | rough | with | them | is | right | or | |
| | wrong | | | | | | | | |

The Romantic Revival freed English poetry from the rigid heroic couplet. There is a free use of trochees, anapaests, dactyls¹ and, in counterpointing, pyrrhic and spondaic feet. Coleridge particularly achieves in some lines what is really sprung rhythm, though he does not vary the length of line to the extent practised by Hopkins and the modern poets who use sprung rhythm.

| | | | | | | |
|-----|-------|-------|--------|-----|-------|-------|
| / | x | / | / | x | x | / |
| Is | the | night | chilly | and | dark? | |
| x | / | / | / | x | x | / |
| The | night | is | chilly | but | not | dark. |

Present-day poets use both counterpointed and sprung

¹ These terms, iamb, dactyl and so on refer in English to a speech stress group coinciding in arrangement with the classical foot of the same name. But the English foot is essentially different since it depends on stress and not length of syllable.

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rhythm freely, and for certain effects strict syllabic. Sprung or speech rhythm may be combined with rhyme.

He's marvellous
He's Greek
When I see him
My legs go weak

Exercise : (1) Scan :

- (a) We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
- (b) And having done that, thou hast done ;
I fear no more.
- (c) Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall. Here is my space.
- (d) Duncan is in his grave
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

(2) Classify as syllabic, counterpoint, or sprung rhythm all poems quoted in this chapter.

(3) Mark the stresses and slacks in the prose passages on pp. 39-40, and of Ecclesiastes xii. 1-8.

Sprung rhythm is the rhythm of prose and prose rhythm differs from sprung verse only in two ways, one, it may seem, accidental :

(1) The rhythmical groups or cadences are not set out in lines.

(2) The same rhythmical arrangement does not recur so frequently, i.e., the rhythm of sprung verse seems a little more conscious than that of prose.

But if one examines Elizabethan and Jacobean prose on

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the one hand (particularly in the Prayer Book and in the Authorised Version of the Bible), and on the other hand, modern prose, it will often be found that it could be written in lines showing an obvious recurrence of certain rhythmical groups. The regulating effect of the line arrangement in a sense counterpoints the looser speech rhythm in the same way as speech rhythm in poetry does the syllabic system. That is, in both, and therefore in all poetic rhythm, we get a more complex harmony than in prose. Consider how, in this extract from the sixteenth-century prose of the Litany, the semi-colons act almost as line-ends. Compare the general technique and effect of the lines and refrains in the last section of *The Hollow Men*.

'From all evil and mischief; from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism; from hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word and Commandment,

Good Lord, deliver us.'

Exercise: (a) Compare the following passage of prose, in content, rhythm, and imagery, with *The Hollow Men*.

'Night after night, summer and winter, the torment of

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storms, the arrow-like stillness of fine weather, held their port without interference. Listening (if there had been anyone to listen) from the upper rooms of the empty house only gigantic chaos streaked with lightning could have been heard tumbling and tossing as the winds and waves disported themselves like the amorphous bulks of leviathans, whose brows are pierced by no light of reason, and mounted one on top of another, and lunged and plunged in the darkness or the daylight (for night and day, month and year, ran shapelessly together) in idiot games until it seemed as if the universe were battling and tumbling in brute confusion and wanton lust aimlessly by itself.

In spring, the garden urns casually filled with wind-blown plants were gay as ever. Violets came and daffodils. But the stillness and the brightness of the day were as strange as the chaos and tumult of night, with the trees standing there and the flowers standing there, looking before them, looking up, yet beholding nothing, eyeless and thus terrible.'

(b) Compare in the same way from p. 319 to the end of *The Waves* with *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*.

WORD ORDER

The order of words in modern prose and verse is, like the rhythm, often more akin to that of broken conversation than to that of formal writing or speech. If one examines the word order in the extract below, it is obvious that the normal sentence arrangement of subject, verb, object is often inverted or upset. And this is precisely what happens frequently in casual conversation, though there we usually employ an introductory phrase and repeat our object as a pronoun, in its normal place. Compare the sentence construction in the following:

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- (1) As for the treaty, they never intended to keep it.
As far as I am concerned, give me what you like.
That book over there, get it for me.
Hear me he might, but understand me—that's beyond
him.
That glorious tone, he still has it.
All knocked back he was.
- (2) 'God they believe she is: or goddess. By went his eyes.
See me he might. Glorious tone he has still. Down she
sat all ousted.'

REVIEW

- (1) Define and illustrate direct and indirect expression in poetry, imagery, emotive imagery, intellectual imagery, intellectual-emotive or mixed imagery, the complex or symbolic style, syllabic rhythm, counterpoint rhythm, sprung rhythm, configuration word, change of function.
- (2) What is meant by "the significant instant"?
- (3) Discuss in what ways the modern novelist and poet attempt surrealism, and how well they succeed in being "super-real."
- (4) Establish a critical preference for realism or surrealism.¹

Exercises: (1) Compare the following pairs of poems in content and technique. Classify them as good or bad.¹ Where both are good, establish if possible a preference.

(a) ABOVE BAALBEC AMONG THE HILLS

May, 1942

Like a patchwork quilt is Coele Plain,
With its blended shades of brown and green;

¹ See Introduction.

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Like bones, great pillars of Jupiter
Mark ruins where glory has been.
The snow-capped range in the distance,
With its bare, brown, snowless spurs,
Is striped like the back of a zebra,
And dotted with scattered firs.
I grudge not the climb of each up-ended mile,
For the pleasure such beauty can hold.
Below me the goatherds with piping beguile
Their charges home to the fold.
Rocks at my feet shelter tulips red,
And snowdrifts, lying on either side,
Feed turbulent streamlets by gravity led
To race for the spaces wide.
Behind me, like wind-driven, foam-crested waves,
The snow-capped crests of the ranges roll:
The bare spots black as the shades of sin:
The covered as white as an unstained soul.

- (b) How strangely this sun reminds me of my love!
Of my walk alone at evening, when like the cottage
smoke
Hope vanished, written amongst red wastes of sky.
I remember my strained listening to his voice
My staring at his face and taking the photograph
With the river behind and the woods touched by Spring;
Till the identification of a morning—
Expansive sheets of blue rising from fields
Roaring movements of light observed under shadow—
With his figure leaning over a map, is now complete.
What is left of that smoke which the wind blew away?

(Compare the treatment of landscape.)

Compare the contrast between these two poems (above)
with the contrast between the prose extracts on p. 39.

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(u)

CONFLICT

April, 1941

Tired, so tired,
Near ready to fall;
Discouraged, disheartened,
Fed up with it all.
Now hating a world
Gone crazy with hate;
Now *praying for relief*--
May it not come too late.
A tired mind questions--
"Why struggle at all?"
And a dogged will answers--
"Keep on though you fall.
Take your rest in the knowledge
Of a job well done."
And a softer voice whispers,
"For your loved ones, my son."
Tired limbs straighten,
Oblivious to pain;
New life flows resurgent
Through body and brain.
In his heart he renews
A self-imposed vow;
Granted the strength,
He will honour it now.

(h)

TO A CONSCRIPT OF 1940

A soldier passed me in the freshly-fallen snow,
His footsteps muffled, his face unearthly grey;
And my heart gave a sudden leap
As I gazed on a ghost of five-and-twenty years ago.

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I shouted Halt! and my voice had the old accustomed ring
And he obeyed it as it was obeyed
In the shrouded days when I too was one
Of an army of young men marching

Into the unknown. He turned towards me and I said:
"I am one of those who went before you
Five-and-twenty years ago: one of the many who never
returned,
Of the many who returned and yet were dead.

We went where you are going, into the rain and the mud;
We fought as you will fight
With death and darkness and despair;
We gave what you will give—our brains and our blood.

We think we gave in vain. The world was not renewed.
There was hope in the homestead and anger in the streets.
But the old world was restored and we returned
To the dreary field and workshop, and the immemorial
feud

Of rich and poor. Our victory was our defeat.
Power was retained where power had been misused
And youth was left to sweep away
The ashes that the fires had strewn beneath our feet.

But one thing we learned: there is no glory in the deed
Until the soldier wears a badge of tarnished braid;
There are heroes who have heard the rally and have seen
The glitter of a garland round their head.

Theirs is the hollow victory. They are deceived.
But you, my brother and my ghost, if you can go
Knowing that there is no reward, no certain use
In all your sacrifice, then honour is reprieved.

LANGUAGE AND REALITY

To fight without hope is to fight with grace,
The self reconstructed, the false heart repaired."
Then I turned with a smile, and he answered my salute
As he stood against the fretted hedge, which was like
white lace.

(2) Compare with Browning's *Abt Vogler* the following poem:

THE LEADEN ECHO AND THE GOLDEN ECHO

(Maidens' Song from St. Winefred's Well.)

THE LEADEN ECHO

How to keep—is there any any, is there none such, nowhere known some, bow or brooch or braid or brace, lace, latch or catch or key to keep
Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty . . . from vanishing away?
O is there no frowning of these wrinkles, ranked wrinkles deep,
Down? no waving off of these most mournful messengers, still messengers, sad and stealing messengers of grey?
No there's none, there's none, O no there's none,
Nor can you long be, what you now are, called fair,
Do what you may do, what, do what you may,
And wisdom is early to despair:
Be beginning; since, no, nothing can be done
To keep at bay
Age and Age's evils, hoar hair,
Ruck and wrinkle, drooping, dying, death's worst, winding sheets, tombs and worms and tumbling to decay;
So be beginning, be beginning to despair.
O there's none; no no no there's none;
Be beginning to despair, to despair,
Despair, despair, despair, despair.

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THE GOLDEN ECHO

Spare!

There is one, yes I have one (Hush there!)
Only not within seeing of the sun,
Not within the singeing of the strong sun,
Tall sun's tingeing, or treacherous the tainting of the earth's
air,
Somewhere elsewhere there is ah well where! one,
One. Yes I can tell such a key, I do know such a place,
Where whatever's prized and passes of us, everything that's
fresh and fast flying of us, seems to us sweet of us and
swiftly away with, done away with, undone,
Undone, done with, soon done with, and yet dearly and
dangerously sweet
Of us, the wimpled-water-dimpled, not-by-morning-
matched face,
The flower of beauty, fleece of beauty, too too apt to, ah!
to fleet,
Never fleets more, fastened with the tenderest truth
To its own best being and its loveliness of youth: it is an
everlastingness of, O it is an all youth!
Come then, your ways and airs and looks, locks, maiden
gear, gallantry and gaiety and grace,
Winning ways, airs innocent, maiden manners, sweet looks,
loose locks, long locks, lovelocks, gaygear, going
gallant, girlgrace—
Resign them, sign them, seal them, send them, motion them
with breath,
And with sighs soaring, soaring sighs deliver
Them; beauty-in-the-ghost, deliver it, early now, long
before death
Give beauty back, beauty, beauty, beauty, back to God,
beauty's self and beauty's giver.

LANGUAGE AND REALITY

See; not a hair is, not an eyelash, not the least lash lost;
every hair
Is, hair of the head, numbered.
Nay, what we had lighthanded left in surly the mere
mould
Will have waked and have waxed and have walked with
the wind what while we slept,
This side, that side hurling a heavyheaded hundredfold
What while we, while we slumbered.
O then, weary then why should we tread? O why are we
so haggard at the heart, so care-coiled, care-killed, so
fagged, so fashed, so coggd, so cumbered,
When the thing we freely forfeit is kept with fonder a
care,
Fonder a care kept than we could have kept it, kept
Far with fonder a care (and we, we should have lost it) finer,
fonder
A care kept— Where kept? Do but tell us where kept,
where—
Yonder— What high as that! We follow, now we
follow— Yonder, yes yonder, yonder,
Yonder.

(3) Compare the following, in pairs :

- (a) On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose,
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his western wing he leaned,
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.

MODERN LITERATURE

Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
Around the ancient track marched rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.

- (h) Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!
The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!
Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!
Flakedoves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!—
Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.
Buy then! bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms,
vows.
Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow
sallows!
These are indeed the barn; withindoors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

(a) OVERTURE TO DEATH

For us, born into a still
Unsweetened world, of sparse
Breathing-room, alleys brackish as hell's pit
And heaven-accusing spires,
You were never far nor fable,
Judgement nor happy end;
We have come to think of you, mister, as
Almost the family friepd.

LANGUAGE AND REALITY

Our kiddies play tag with you often
Among the tornado wheels;
Through fevered nights you sit up with them,
You serve their little meals.

You lean with us at street-corners,
We have met you in the mine;
Your eyes are the foundry's glare, you beckon
From the snake-tooth, sly machine.

Low in the flooded engineroom,
High on the yawning steeple—
Wherever we are, we begin to fancy
That we're your chosen people.

They came to us with charity,
They came to us with whips,
They came with chains behind their back
And freedom on their lips:

Castle and field and city—
Ours is a noble land,
Let us work for its fame together, they said;
But we don't quite understand.

For they took the land and the credit,
Took virtue and double-crossed her;
They left us the scrag-end of the luck
And the brunt of their disaster.

And now like horses they fidget
Smelling death in the air;
But we are your chosen people, and
We've little to lose or fear.

When the time comes for a clearance,
When light brims over the hill,
Mister, you can rely on us
To execute your will.

MODERN LITERATURE

(b)

THE SECRET PEOPLE

Smile at us, pay us, pass us; but do not quite forget;
For we are the people of England, that never have spoken
yet.

There is many a fat farmer that drinks less cheerfully,
There is many a free French peasant who is richer and
sadder than we.

There are no folk in the whole world so helpless or so wise.
There is hunger in our bellies, there is laughter in our eyes;
You laugh at us and love us, both mugs and eyes are wet:
Only you do not know us. For we have not spoken yet.

The fine French kings came over in a flutter of flags and
dames.

We liked their smiles and battles, but we never could say
their names.

The blood ran red to Bosworth and the high French lords
went down;

There was naught but a naked people under a naked crown.

And the eyes of the King's Servants turned terribly every
way,

And the gold of the King's Servants rose higher every day,
They burnt the homes of the shaven men, that had been
quaint and kind,

Till there was no bed in a monk's house, nor food that man
could find.

The inns of God where no man paid, that were the wall of
the weak,

The King's Servants ate them all. And still we did not
speak.

And the face of the King's Servants grew greater than the
King:

He tricked them, and they trapped him, and stood round
him in a ring.

LANGUAGE AND REALITY

The new grave lords closed round him, that had eaten the
abbey's fruits,

And the men of the new religion, with their bibles in their
boots,

We saw their shoulders moving, to menace or discuss,
And some were pure and some were vile; but none took
heed of us.

We saw the King as they killed him, and his face was proud
and pale;

And a few men talked of freedom, while England talked of ale.

A war that we understood not came over the world and
woke

Americans, Frenchmen, Irish; but we knew not the things
they spoke.

They talked about rights and nature and peace and the
people's reign:

And the squires, our masters, bade us fight; and scorned us
never again.

Weak if we be for ever, could none condemn us then;

Men called us serfs and drudges; men knew that we were
men.

In foam and flame at Trafalgar, on Albuera plains,
We did and died like lions, to keep ourselves in chains.

We lay in living ruins; firing and fearing not

The strange fierce face of the Frenchmen who knew for
what they fought,

And the man who seemed to be more than man we strained
against and broke;

And we broke our own rights with him. And still we never
spoke.

Our patch of glory ended; we never heard guns again.

But the squire seemed struck in the saddle; he was foolish,
as if in pain.

MODERN LITERATURE

He leaned on a staggering lawyer, he clutched a cringing Jew,
He was stricken; it may be, after all, he was stricken at
Waterloo.

Or perhaps the shades of the shaven men, whose spoil is in
his house,

Come back in shining shapes at last to spoil his last carouse:
We only know the last sad squires ride slowly towards the
sea,

And a new people takes the land: and still it is not we.

They have given us into the hand of new unhappy lords,
Lords without anger and honour, who dare not carry their
swords.

They fight by shuffling papers; they have bright dead alien
eyes;

They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man looks
at flies.

And the load of their loveless pity is worse than the ancient
wrongs,

Their doors are shut in the evening; and they know no songs.

We hear men speaking for us of new laws strong and sweet,
Yet is there no man speaketh as we speak in the street.

It may be we shall rise the last as Frenchmen rose the first,
Our wrath come after Russia's wrath and our wrath be the
worst.

It may be we are meant to mark with our riot and our rest
God's scorn for all men governing. It may be beer is best.
But we are the people of England; and we have not spoken
yet.

Smile at us, pay us, pass us. But do not quite forget.

LANGUAGE AND REALITY

(a)

THE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS

There fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.
The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.
Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honour and high surprise,
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the yule tale was begun.

A Child in a foul stable,
Where the beasts feed and foam;
Only where He was homeless
Are you and I at home;
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,
But our hearts we lost—how long ago!
In a place no chart nor ship can show
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

MODERN LITERATURE

To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

(b) JOURNEY OF THE MAGI

"A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter."
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.
There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
And running away, and wanting their liquor and women,
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters,
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
And the villages dirty and charging high prices:
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all night,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;

LANGUAGE AND REALITY

With a running stream and a water-mill beating the darkness,
And three trees on the low sky,
And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say) satisfactory.
All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death."

(4) Compare the following twentieth-century poem with the extract from *The Waste Land* on p. 24. Which expresses more objectively the reawakening in spring of love and pain for someone dead? Which expresses it more individually? Is either poem embarrassing?

SONG

All suddenly the wind comes soft,
And Spring is here again;
And the hawthorn quickens with buds of green,
And my heart with buds of pain.

MODERN LITERATURE

My heart all Winter lay so numb,
The earth so dead and froze,
That I never thought the Spring would come,
Or my heart wake any more.

But Winter's broken and earth has woken,
And the small birds cry again;
And the hawthorn hedge puts forth its buds,
And my heart puts forth its pain.

(5) Compare in the same way Browning's *Prospice* and the following lines:

I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope
For hope would be hope for the wrong thing; wait without
love

For love would be love of the wrong thing; there is yet faith
But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.
Wait without thought, for you are not ready for thought:
So the darkness shall be the light, and the stillness the
dancing.

Whisper of running streams, and winter lightning,
The wild thyme unseen and the wild strawberry,
The laughter in the garden, echoed ecstasy
Not lost, but requiring, pointing to the agony
Of death and birth.

(6) Compare these in style and content.

(a)

MAPLE AND SUMACH

Maple and sumach down this autumn ride—
Look, in what scarlet character they speak!
For this their russet and rejoicing week
Trees spend a year of sunsets on their pride.

LANGUAGE AND REALITY

You leaves drenched with the lifeblood of the year—
What flamingo dawns have wavered from the east,
What eves have crimsoned to their toppling crest
To give the fame and transience that you wear!
Leaf-low he shall lie soon: but no such blaze
Briefly can cheer man's ashen, harsh decline;
His fall is short of pride, he bleeds within
And paler creeps to the dead end of his days.
O light's abandon and the fire-crest sky
Speak in me now for all who are to die!

- (b) Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
—But thou, fair Nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day.
That miracle of face must fail,
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the short-lived flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:
Though Sickness yet a while forbears,
Yet Time destroys what Sickness spares:
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name:
Time must indent that heavenly brow,
And thou must be what they are now.

(c) SPRING AND FALL

To a young child

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?

MODERN LITERATURE

Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow's springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

- (d) Though from faded leaf
 The dark flower fall,
 Her burning all too brief
 That seemed perpetual,

 And, while scent lingers,
 The rose-petals dim
 Crumble in the fingers
 That fain would gather them,

 Her fair body broken
 Petal by petal and gone,
 Here, with no token,
 The Rose blooms on.

- (e) LIGHT BREAKS WHERE NO SUN SHINES

Light breaks where no sun shines;
Where no sea runs, the waters of the heart
Push in their tides;
And, broken ghosts with glowworms in their heads,
The things of light
File through the flesh where no flesh decks the bones.

LANGUAGE AND REALITY

Dawn breaks behind the eyes;
From poles of skull and toe the windy blood
Slides like a sea;
Nor fenced, nor staked, the gushers of the sky
Spout to the rod
Divining in a smile the oil of tears.
Night in the sockets rounds,
Like some pitch moon, the limit of the globes;
Day lights the bone;
Where no cold is, the skinning gales unpin
The winter's robes;
The film of spring is hanging from the lids.
Light breaks on secret lots,
On tips of thought where thoughts smell in the rain;
When logics die,
The secret of the soil grows through the eye,
And blood jumps in the sun;
Above the waste allotments the dawn halts.

(7) Reread the passage at the beginning of this chapter. Compare the content and imagery of *The Hollow Men* with the content and imagery of the extract from *East Coker* on p. 77, and with the imagery in *Burnt Norton*. What effect has the change in his philosophy had upon the poet's imagery?

(8) Discuss the imagery of this older piece.
When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

MODERN LITERATURE

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hooped heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

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(9) Discuss the content, style and achievement of the following poem.

A SPIDER AND A FLY

i heard a spider
and a fly arguing
wait said the fly
do not eat me
i serve a great purpose
in the world

you will have to
show me said the spider

i scurry around
gutters and sewers
and garbage cans
said the fly and gather
up the germs of
typhoid influenza
and pneumonia on my feet
and wings
then i carry these germs
into the households of men
and give them diseases
and the people who
have lived the right
sort of life recover
from the diseases
and the old soaks who
have weakened their systems
with liquor and iniquity
succumb it is my mission
to help rid the world
of these wicked persons

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i am a vessel of righteousness
scattering seeds of justice
and serving the noblest uses

it is true said the spider
that you are more
useful in a plodding
material sort of way
than i am but i do not
serve the utilitarian deities
i serve the gods of beauty
look at the gossamer webs
i weave they float in the sun
like filaments of song
if you get what i mean
i do not work at anything
i play all the time
i am busy with the stuff
of enchantment and the materials
of fairyland my works
transcend utility
i am the artist
a creator and a demi-god
it is ridiculous to suppose
than i should be denied
the food i need in order
to continue to create
beauty i tell you
plainly mister fly it is all
damned nonsense for that food
to rear up on its hind legs
and say it should not be eaten

you have convinced me
said the fly say no, more

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and shutting all his eyes
he prepared himself for dinner
and yet he said i could
have made out a case
for myself too if i had
had a better line of talk

of course you could said the spider
clutching a sirloin from him
but the end would have been
just the same if neither of
us had spoken at all

boss i am afraid that what
the spider said is true
and it gives me to think
furiously upon the futility
of literature

(archy.)

(10) Discuss the following (my italics):

'Examine for a moment an ordinary mind on an ordinary day. The mind receives a *myriad impressions*—trivial, *fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel*. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of innumerable atoms; and as they fall, as they shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday, the accent falls differently from the old: *the moment of importance came not here but there*: so that if a writer were a free man and not a slave, if he could write what he chose, not what he must, if he could base his work upon his own feeling and not upon convention, there would be no plot, no comedy, no tragedy, no love interest or catastrophe in the accepted style, and perhaps not a single button sewn on as the Bond Street tailors would have it. Life is not a series of giglamps

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symmetrically arranged; *life is a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end.* Is it not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display, with as little mixture of the alien and external as possible?"

Is it the task of the *novelist*?

(11) What effect is the poet striving after in the following passages and with what success? How is the effect achieved? The experience which he wishes to express may be merely one of sense impressions plus the normal emotions associated with them as in (e), of sense impressions plus the writer's emotion as in (f), of ideas, expressed through the sense impression and through associations given by imagery as in (h). Say of each what sense impressions, emotions, or ideas are expressed and how.

- (a) A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spirt of a lighted match.
- (b) Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea.
- (c) Western wind, when wilt thou blow,
That the small rain, down can rain?
- (d) Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliffs clang'd round him.
- (e) Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.
- (f) What passing-bell for those that die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns,
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.

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- (g) "Is there anybody there?" said the traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor.
- (h) I saw eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light.
- (i) Here lies the preacher, judge and poet, Peter,
Who broke the laws of God, and man, and metre.

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One absorbs values from art in a far less conscious way than from directly persuasive statement: hence the danger of an uncritical reading public, for "whatever primary and far-reaching moral dangers affect any man, affect all men." All men can become Nazis if indoctrinated; all men can become Philistines if trained. First discuss the values in the following passages and then examine the data in the section which follows.

(a) "'Till he took me in hand," he reflected, "I was just damn clever, a precious young high-brow. I suppose he taught me to feel. . . ." For if Lance was destined to write the great stuff that touches the heart of the world then he—Lance—must have the heart to do it. No use just being damn clever.'

(a) is typical of an attitude inculcated by much modern escapist sentimental art. What is the attitude? Is it a safe attitude?

(b) '. . . nor had he reached that state of mind when a man can contemplate with unaffected naturalness the handling of his own luggage. There were still things he did and did not do. He was a gentleman.'

(c) 'What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will
And courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome?'

(d) 'Not fare well
But fare forward, voyagers.'

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- (e) 'Ah, fill the cup—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday
Why fret about them if To-day is sweet.

One Moment, in Annihilation's waste
(One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—oh make haste!'

- (f) 'Pray thou thy days be long before thy death,
And full of ease and Kingdom; seeing in death
There is no comfort and none aftergrowth
Nor shall one thence look up and see day's dawn
Nor light upon the land whither I go.
Live thou, and take thy fill of days and die
When thy day comes; and make not much of death
Lest ere thy day thou reap an evil thing.'

- (g) 'Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Thrall to these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying
then.'

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- (h) 'Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor; One who brings
A mind not to be changed by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.'

(i) 'Voice of the Jew, crying from the concentration camp:
It is strange they forget me. Hungry child in devastated
Europe: I want bread not words. Desolated mother:
Damn their philosophies. Where are my children? I
cannot think of what has happened to them. What
they need is a bomb, where my children got it. In
the belly!'

(The last follows a description of people arguing about
truth.)

CONTEMPORARY VALUES

Discuss the following:

*'What is more insidious than any censorship is the steady
influence which silently operates in any mass society organised
for profit, for the depression of the standards of art and
culture.'*

(T. S. ELIOT: *The Idea of a Christian Society*.)

*'The way to be successful is to give the public exactly what
it wants, and about ten per cent more of it than it expects.'*

(W. R. INGE: *Speculum Animi*.)

A.—Consider from the following extracts how this
situation affects and is affected by the producers, middle-
men and consumers of best-sellers. For what motives

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are best sellers (a) bought (b) sold? How does this affect their quality? What are the "values" which the best-seller must inculcate? Where and with what significance could one apply the terms "escapist" and "mass-mind" in this discussion?

(1) *The Producer.*

'And he liked her expensive stylishness. The sight of a really smart woman always gave him pleasure. . . . Surely in the wide world that night there could not be anything to beat her! Idle, luxurious, rich, but a masterpiece! Maintained in splendour by the highly skilled and expensive labour of others, materially useless to society, she yet justified herself by her mere appearance. And she knew it, and her conscience was clear.

And he thought what a shame it was that such a woman, such a cunning piece of femininity should be compelled by fate to knit her brows over business when she ought to *be occupied solely with her ageless charm, the attractions of her boudoir, and the responsiveness of men to her fine arts.*

(2) *The Consumer.*

'Our purpose is not to create or stimulate the reading habit. Nearly everyone in this country already has the habit and has it very badly. It has been discovered that the greatest "mind opiate" in the world is carrying the eye along a certain number of printed lines in succession . . . The habit of reading is one of the most interesting psychological features of the present day. Discomfort and exhaustion seem only to increase the need for the printed word. A friend, in describing the advance of one of the columns in East Africa during the war, has remarked how his men, sitting drenched and almost without food round

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the camp fire, would pass from hand to hand a scrap of a magazine cover, in order that each man might rest his eyes for a moment on the printed word. One of the great evils of present-day reading is that it discourages thought.'

(3) *The Middleman.*

If you want to be a successful writer for American publications, for which high prices are paid for really first-class matter, bear in mind that American fiction, in the main, is not *pessimistic*, nor is it *lewd* or irreverent, neither is it *red* or *un-American*.

Avoid *morbidity*. The Americans don't want *gloom*, but something that will brighten life. The sun must always be shining. Treat *sex* reverently, and avoid its unsavoury aspects. Don't be *vulgar*. Remember that *serious thought is not looked for* in the majority of American magazines. Don't discuss *religious* questions in a manner that would offend national sentiment, and leave *evolution* out of your writings. *Religion* that brings out its boons and blessings to long-suffering humanity is deemed praiseworthy. Leave *social* and *political* problems to take care of themselves. Remember that America is a young and prosperous country and there is nothing on God's earth to equal it.

B.—Consider the effect on the parasitic reviewer of the situation illustrated above. If he is a writer of best-sellers himself he must support his own economic interests, if not he must still support the publisher-book-seller interests on which his own, whether he is a novelist or merely a reviewer, depend.

(1) "'The work of Charles Garvice has little artistic importance; but he was a thoroughly competent craftsman. . . ."

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Mr. Murray says that he can sympathise with my "evident desire to disconcert the preciousness of the æsthetic." But when he says that things such as Charles Garvice made were "simply not worth making well," etc., I charge him with precisely the preciousness of the æsthetic. Was it not worth while to give pleasure to the naïve millions for whom Charles Garvice catered honestly and to the best of his very competent ability? Ought these millions to be deprived of what they like, ought they to be compelled to bore themselves with what Mr. Murray likes because Mr. Murray's taste is better than theirs? The idea is ridiculous. The idea is snobbish in the worst degree.'

(2) 'The detective novel writers have their own clientele, though they make no appeal to the young ladies who throng the counters of Boots' libraries, and but little to the sheep-like crowd who follow the dictates of highbrow literary critics.'

(3) -Discuss the "reviews" in current periodicals, and on dust-covers, and news-sheets sent out by booksellers and publishing firms. What critical value have they?

Since the valuable in life exists always in an imperfect form the artist, in expressing his experience of the whole nature of things, will express an experience of the bad as well as the good. In *Gulliver's Travels*, for instance, it is obvious that satire is a criticism of life concentrating on the bad; from Shakespearean tragedy one learns that a great artist is distinguished for his ability to penetrate to the good in character loosely classified as bad, and the bad in character loosely classified good; the deeper and more objective an artist's appreciation of value, the greater his art will be.

Exercise: (1) Discuss the criticism of life in (a) *The Hollow Men* and *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*;

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(b) The passage from *Autumn Journal* (p. 34) and (c) the passage from *The Family Reunion* (p. 33). What does the artist find good or bad in life? (c) is dramatic. It is the chorus, which expresses what the people in the play are thinking.

(2) Can "nonsense" contain criticism of life? What criticism is contained in the following verse of *Bagpipe Music* (Louis MacNeice)?

John Macdonald found a corpse, put it under the sofa
Waited till it came to life and hit it with a poker
Sold its eyes for souvenirs, sold its blood for whisky
Kept its bones for dumb-bells to use when he was fifty.

ARTISTIC CRITICISM OF ART

Just as the artist in expressing his experience of life expresses an experience of its value, so in expressing an experience of a work of art or of a writer's work as a whole he may express an experience of their value, that is, give unconscious criticism of them. Sometimes this is done by an artist and is obviously itself a work of art. Compare Keats's *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*, or the following sonnets:

ROBERT BROWNING

There is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the praised far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's;
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue

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So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

(WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.)

ON SITTING DOWN TO READ *KING LEAR* ONCE AGAIN

O golden tongued Romance, with serene lute!
Fair plumed Syren, Queen of far-away!
Leave melodising on this wintry day,
Shut up thine olden pages, and be mute:
Adieu! for, once again, the fierce dispute
Betwixt damnation and impassion'd clay
Must I burn through; once more humbly assay
The bitter-sweet of this Shakespearean fruit:
Chief Poet! and ye clouds of Albion,
Begetters of our deep eternal theme!
When through the old oak forest I am gone,
Let me not wander in a barren dream,
But, when I am consumed in the fire,
Give me new Phœnix wings to fly at my desire.

(JOHN KEATS.)

Sometimes, however, this method is used by the conscious critic, and the point is that unless the critic is also a good artist he cannot use it well. If he is and does, what we really have is good art. We have, as it were, two works of art in one, for we get one artist's experience of another's experience, and this kind of criticism, if well done, is peculiarly valuable in "educating" our sensibility to art in the same way as art "educates" our sensibility to life. Consider for instance Hazlitt's opening to his discussion of *Romeo and Juliet*.

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'*Romeo and Juliet* is the only tragedy which Shakespeare has written entirely on a love story. It is supposed to have been his first play and it deserves to stand in that proud rank. There is the buoyant spirit of youth in every line, in the rapturous intoxication of hope and in the bitterness of despair. It has been said of *Romeo and Juliet* by a great critic that "whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring languishing in the song of the nightingale or voluptuous, in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem."¹ The description is true and yet it does not answer to our idea of the play. For if it has the sweetness of the rose it has its freshness too. If it has the languor of the nightingale's song it has also its giddy transport. If it has the softness of a southern spring it is as glowing and as bright. There is nothing of a sickly and sentimental cast. *Romeo and Juliet* are in love but they are not love-sick. Everything speaks the very soul of pleasure, the high and healthy pulse of the passions; the heart beats, the blood circulates and mantles throughout. Their courtship is not an insipid interchange of sentiments lip-deep, learnt at second-hand from poems and plays—made up of beauties of the most shadowy kind, of "fancy's wan that hang the pensive head," of evanescent smiles and sighs that breathe not, of delicacy that shrinks from the touch, and feebleness that scarce supports itself, an elaborate vacuity of thought and an artificial dearth of sense, spirit, truth and nature. It is the reverse of all this. It is Shakespeare all over and Shakespeare when he was young.

We have heard it objected to *Romeo and Juliet* that it is founded on an idle passion between a boy and a girl who have scarcely seen, and can have but little sympathy or rational esteem for one another, who have had no experience

¹ Coleridge.

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of the good or ill of life and whose raptures or despair must be therefore equally groundless and fantastical. Whoever objects to the youth of the parties in this play as "too unripe and crude" to pluck the sweets of love, and wishes to see first love carried on into a good old age and the passions taken at the rebound when their force is spent, may find all this done in *The Stranger* and other German plays, where they do things by contraries and transpose nature to inspire sentiment and create philosophy. Shakespeare proceeded in a more straightforward and we think effectual way. He did not endeavour to extract beauty from wrinkles, or the wild throb of passion from the last expiring sigh of indifference. He did not "gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles." It was not his way, but he has given us a picture of human life such as it is in the order of nature. He has founded the passion of the two lovers not on the pleasures they had experienced but on all the pleasures they had not experienced. All that was to come of life was theirs. At that untried source of promised happiness they slaked their thirst, and the first eager draught made them drunk with love and joy. They were in full possession of their senses and their affections, their hopes were of air, their desires of fire. Youth is the season of love, for it knows no end of its enjoyments or its wishes. Passion, the love and expectation of pleasure is infinite, extravagant, inexhaustible till experience comes to check and kill it. Juliet exclaims on her first interview with Romeo:

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep."

And why should it not? What was to hinder the tide of pleasure but experience which she was yet without? What was to check the ardour of hope, of faith, of constancy

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but disappointment which she had not yet felt? As are the desires and hopes of youthful passion such are the keenness of its disappointments and their baleful effect. Such is the transition in this play from the highest bliss to the lowest despair, from the nuptial couch to an untimely grave. The only evil that even in apprehension befalls the two lovers is the loss of the greatest possible felicity, yet this loss is fatal to both, for they had rather part with life than bear the thought of surviving all that had made life dear to them. In all this Shakespeare has but followed nature which existed in his time as well as now.'

In criticism which is both conscious and good (the pure artist is never consciously a critic), this artistic criticism always passes into criticism of a different sort, criticism which asks why and answers the question in logical terms. Consider this extract from Hazlitt's *Hamlet*, where the first paragraph is artistic criticism and the second explains why the writer has the experience expressed in the first.

'Hamlet is a name; his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself "too much i' the sun"; whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known "the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes"; he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness

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cling to his heart like a malady, who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought, he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock representation of them—this is the true Hamlet.

We have been so used to this tragedy that we hardly know how to criticise it any more than we should know how to describe our own faces. But we must make such observations as we can. It is the one of Shakespeare's plays that we think of the oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections of human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him we apply to ourselves, because he applies it so himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moraliser; and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralises on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If *Lear* is distinguished by the greatest depth of passion, *Hamlet* is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakespeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shewn more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest: everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort, the incidents succeed each other as matters of course, the characters think and speak and act just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the

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gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark, at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinement in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a bystander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and witnessed something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only "the outward pageants and the signs of grief"; but we have "that within which passes show." We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise.'

PERSUASIVE-EMOTIVE CRITICISM

Above even in the second paragraph Hazlitt uses emotive language, but the emotions are firmly attached to images and ideas. Emotive writing is never bad provided the emotions are so attached, and just as logical criticism is a necessary part of persuasive writing, so the responsible use of emotive language in logical criticism will arrest and persuade the reader who had no previous interest in the subject. Sometimes, as in Hazlitt, we get an alternation of the logical and artistic points of view, and we therefore get a mixture of scientific and artistic-emotive criticism. Sometimes, however, as in the following passage, a critical writer is consciously trying to persuade.

'The world about us, it is being increasingly recognised, is a crooked place acceptable only to the ignorant and the unimaginative, the thoughtless and the inhumane, and perhaps to the less desirable members of that fortunate minority for whose benefit it seems to be arranged; to the man of goodwill, knowledge, intelligence, taste and sensibility, it is at the best a very imperfect place and may be

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expected to seem even a worse one if a systematic study of the beautiful is to be undertaken. When we are all special kinds of artists we shall leave our funkholes *en masse* and address ourselves to the questions, what is the end of man? Has he a best self? Has he a spiritual nature to which outer things should as far as possible be made consonant? Is progress a word merely, or is it something real? And as we search our hearts for answers to these questions and dwell on the answers as we find them, it may disturb our complacency and have far-reaching results on our common life.

Finally, perhaps, we shall come to the same conclusion as Mr. Christopher Hollis: "Man is restless not from lack of goods but from lack of responsibility. Society is sick not because there is so much unemployment but because there is so much bad employment. There is a small minority to-day which has not enough to eat—and the existence of that minority is a grave indictment of the social system—but there is a great majority whose work is a work of merely mechanical drudgery. Every man is by nature an artist, and if you try to degrade him as we have done, into a machine, set him tasks which he can only do right or wrong, and cannot do well or ill, you must pay the price. The apparently causeless restlessness of the masses throughout the world to-day is the price we have to pay for stunting them."

The quotation from Mr. Christopher Hollis is in scientific writing. Where in the introduction to it is there emotive expression? Is it responsible? Compare it with the following:

(a) 'Habib-Ulla, the strong and capable Amir of Afghanistan, the loyal ally of the British Government, had been

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murdered on February 20, 1919, and after a brief turgid interregnum had been succeeded by his son Aman-Ulla, the present Amir. Russia was by this time dominated by militant anarchy; and the leprosy of Bolshevism was spreading in Central Asia.'

(b) 'In Germany the petty bourgeois class, a relic of the sixteenth century, and since then constantly cropping up again under various forms, is the real social basis of the existing state of things. To preserve this class is to preserve the existing state of things in Germany. The industrial and political supremacy of the bourgeoisie threatens it with certain destruction—on the one hand from the concentration of capital; on the other from the rise of a revolutionary proletariat. "True" Socialism appeared to kill these two birds with one stone. It spread like an epidemic.

The robe of speculative cobwebs, embroidered with flowers of rhetoric, steeped in the dew of sickly sentiment, this transcendental robe in which the German Socialists wrapped their sorry "eternal truths", all skin and bone, served to wonderfully increase the sale of their goods among such a Public.'

Are the metaphors "leprosy" and "epidemic" as accurate in reference as the "funk-holes"? Criticise the use of "*en masse*." Can artistic action occur "*en masse*"? Emotive-persuasive criticism is particularly hard to make objective if it is the criticism of actual political, social, or economic conditions, for most people find an insuperable difficulty in being impersonal about what affects their pockets. This sort of criticism therefore is perhaps best in scientific prose, but see (4) below. If the emotive language is accurately referred and objectively felt, it is good, if not, bad.

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The things to remember about the emotive criticism of art are these. (1) Like art itself it is good in so far as it is objective, and not either a sentimental or, while being individual, a too personal reaction. (2) Its value therefore depends on the writer's ability as an artist, his ability to have and express profound emotions accurately attached to what caused them. Therefore for most beginners in criticism, this type of criticism is difficult and dangerous (which does not make it bad). It can be and is done well only by those who have artistic ability. (3) It is rarely used satisfactorily to distinguish a work of art as good or bad. It is frequently used satisfactorily to distinguish one type of good work from another, say the impression made by the work of Shelley and the impression made by the work of Keats. But even here to those who are already conscious of the difference it is the help of scientific criticism which will clarify the reasons. (4) It is most valuable to give occasional point and illustration in the course of scientific criticism. Compare the use of emotively charged metaphors and antithesis and emotive repetition in the following:

'Mr. Crabbe's style might be cited as an answer to Audrey's question: "Is poetry a true thing?" . . . Literal fidelity serves him in the place of invention; he assumes importance by a number of petty details; he rivets attention by being tedious. . . . Whatever *is*, he hitches into rhyme. Whoever makes an exact image of anything on the earth, however deformed or insignificant, according to him, must succeed—and he himself has succeeded. . . . His Muse is not one of *The Daughters of Memory*, but the old toothless, mumbling, dame herself, doling out the gossip and scandal of the neighbourhood, recounting *totidem verbis et literis*,

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what happens in every place of the kingdom every hour in the year, and fastening always on the worst as the most palatable morsels . . . Mr. Crabbe, it must be confessed, is a repulsive writer. He contrives to "turn diseases to commodities" and makes a virtue of necessity. . . . By degrees we submit, and are reconciled to our fate, like patients to the physician, or prisoners in the condemned cell. We can only explain this by saying as we said before that Mr. Crabbe gives us one part of nature, the mean, the little, the disgusting, the distressing; that he does this thoroughly and like a master, and we forgive all the rest.'

All critics should try to use emotive criticism like this, being careful (a) not to express *merely* feeling and (b) not to be carried away by the expression of experience, from the logical point.

Exercises: (1) Compare the following with Hazlitt's artistic-emotive criticism of *Romeo and Juliet*. It is about Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*. Which is the more subjective? What value has the more subjective passage (a) as art, (b) as criticism? Discuss its style. Why did a Vieth form boy say of it: "It is magnificent but it is not criticism"? Is it magnificent?

'The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be

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troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the Middle Age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks upon which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern philosophy has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.'

(2) Discuss the following passages. How do they differ from the sort of criticism to which they object?

(a) 'Few critics have ever admitted that *Hamlet* the play is the primary problem, and Hamlet the character only secondary. And Hamlet the character has had an especial temptation for that most dangerous type of critic: the critic with a mind which is naturally of the creative order, but which through some weakness in creative power exercises itself in criticism instead. These minds often find in

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Hamlet a vicarious existence for their own artistic realisation. Such a mind had Goethe, who made of Hamlet a Werther; and such had Coleridge who made of Hamlet a Coleridge; and probably neither of these men in writing about *Hamlet* remembered that his first business was to study a work of art. The kind of criticism that Goethe and Coleridge produced in writing of *Hamlet* is the most misleading kind possible. For they both possessed unquestionable critical insight, and both make their critical aberrations the more plausible by the substitution of their own Hamlet for Shakespeare's, which their creative gift effects. We should be thankful that Walter Pater did not fix his attention on this play. . . . In several ways the play is puzzling and disquieting as is none of the others. Of all the plays it is the longest and is possibly the one on which Shakespeare spent most pains; and yet he has left in it superfluous and inconsistent scenes which even hasty revision should have noticed. The versification is variable. Lines like

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill,

are of the Shakespeare of *Romeo and Juliet*.

The lines in Act v, Scene ii:

Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep . . .
Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet;

are of his quite mature. Both workmanship and thought are in an unstable position. We are surely justified in attributing the play with that other profoundly interesting

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play of intractable material and astonishing versification, *Measure for Measure*, to a period of crisis after which follow the tragic successes which culminate in *Coriolanus*. *Coriolanus* may not be as "interesting" as *Hamlet* but it is, with *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare's most assured artistic success, and probably more people have thought *Hamlet* a work of art because they found it interesting than have found it interesting because it is a work of art. It is the "Mona Lisa" of literature. . . . The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an "objective correlative"; in other words a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that *particular* emotion; such that when the external facts which must terminate in sensory experience are given, the emotion is immediately evoked. If you examine any of Shakespeare's more successful tragedies, you will find this exact equivalence; you will find that the state of mind of Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep has been communicated to you by a skilful accumulation of imagined sensory impressions; the words of Macbeth, on hearing of his wife's death, strike us as if, given the sequence of events, these words were automatically released by the last event in the series. The artistic "inevitability" lies in this complete adequacy of the external to the emotion; and this is precisely what is deficient in *Hamlet*. Hamlet (the man) is dominated by an emotion which is inexpressible because it is in excess of the facts as they appear. And the supposed identity of Hamlet with his author is genuine to this point; that Hamlet's bafflement at the absence of objective equivalent to his feelings is a prolongation of the bafflement of his creator in the face of his artistic problem. Hamlet is up against the difficulty that his disgust is occasioned by his mother but that his mother is not an adequate equivalent for it; his disgust envelops and exceeds her. It is thus a

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feeling which he cannot understand; he cannot objectify it, and it therefore remains to poison life and obstruct action. None of the possible actions can satisfy it, and nothing that Shakespeare can do with the plot can express Hamlet for him.'

(b) 'With the exception of Dante, no poet in the whole of European literature has called forth so vast a bulk of explanatory comment as Shakespeare. Innumerable are the diverse views that have been put forward of the characters, the action, the purpose of his plays. Many have sought in vain to wrest his secret from him—many a one like Schiller has contented himself, after ardent toil, with the conclusion that he is hidden behind his works as God is hidden behind His creation; not a few have fashioned for themselves a god after their own image. This subjective interpretation has triumphed; even those who regarded its conclusions with misgiving were incapable of finding any other point of view. In his masterly book on Shakespeare (1909) Sir Walter Raleigh says that even good critics often permit themselves the dangerous assumption that Shakespeare's meaning is not easily recognised, and must be ascertained by a subtle process of digging out all sorts of hidden significations. Yet, he says, each play makes a distinct and immediate impression by which it should be judged; "the impression is the play." Unfortunately, however, the essential point is overlooked here, that the impression itself varies according to the peculiar character of each reader. The question arises whether it is not possible to stem, to a certain extent, this subjective current in the contemplation of Shakespeare. This is certainly feasible as soon as we have abandoned an obviously false point of view such as appears in the effort, peculiar to the exegesis of Shakespeare since the Romantic

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movement, to make his art as palatable as may be, by reading into it as much of modern thought and feeling as possible. In this way, the interpretation of Shakespeare has strayed into hopelessly wrong paths; for the point is not to find the most "beautiful"—i.e. modern interpretation—but the one which is most probably true. We can arrive at that only by asking ourselves: what was the probable attitude of Shakespeare's contemporaries to such questions?

Looked at from this standpoint, things seem to change their aspect. At first sight it is true, the ambiguity of his art appears more wonderful than ever. This is not what we usually find in the dramatic art of earlier centuries. What disturbs us in a play like Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm* or Sheridan's *Rivals* is rather their extreme obviousness. We are almost inclined to be annoyed at the low estimate of our intelligence implied by the perpetual explanatory "asides" in old plays like these. What then is the cause of the difficulties existing in Shakespeare's still older art? We might imagine that they originate in the fact that their author was an individualist working only for a small circle, a poet of absolute mental independence, who refused to consider the demands of his time and was not compelled to embody his thoughts in the most transparent form. We might regard him as a writer who, certain of not being rejected if he became unintelligible, addressed himself to a small and select audience who were accustomed to intellectual exercises, familiar with all kinds of subtle disquisitions, trained to read between the lines, and quick to catch the faintest undercurrent of thought—rejoicing like an Ibsen audience of our own day, whenever the master offered them another nut to crack. But though almost nine-tenths of the interpretations of Shakespeare are based on the assumption of such a poet and such an audience, conscientious historical research shows us that

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a view of this kind is in direct contradiction to the facts. . . . Shakespeare did not write for one small circle; he was careful always to keep the general public before his eyes.'

(3) Compare the following discussions of Iago, the "villain" in Shakespeare's *Othello*. Classify each as scientific or emotive criticism. In the case of an emotive passage, is it artistic-emotive, persuasive-emotive, or mere propaganda for the writer's ideas? To what degree is it objective, that is, to what degree does it give us Shakespeare's Iago, not the writer's? Is there any language used purely emotively without adequate reference, any mere abuse?

(a) 'Iago stands supreme among Shakespeare's evil characters because the greatest intensity and subtlety of imagination have gone into his making and because he illustrates in the most perfect combination the two facts concerning evil which seem to have impressed Shakespeare most. The first of these is the fact that perfectly sane people exist in whom fellow-feeling of any kind is so weak that an almost absolute egoism becomes possible to them, and with it those hard vices—such as ingratitude and cruelty—which to Shakespeare were far the worst. The second is that such evil is compatible and even appears to ally itself easily with exceptionable powers of will and intellect. In the latter respect Iago is nearly or quite the equal of Richard III. In egoism he is the superior, and his inferiority in passion and massive force only makes him more repulsive. How is it then that we can bear to contemplate him; nay, that, if we really imagine him, we feel admiration and some kind of sympathy? *Henry V* tells us

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;

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but here it may be said we are shown a thing absolutely evil and—what is more dreadful still—this absolute evil is united with supreme intellectual power. Why is the representation tolerable and why do we not accuse its author either of untruth or of a desperate pessimism?

To these questions it might at once be replied: Iago does not stand alone; he is a factor in a whole; and we perceive him there and not in isolation, acting upon as well as acting, destroyed as well as destroying. But, although, this is true and important, I pass it by and continuing to regard him by himself I would make three remarks in answer to the questions.

In the first place Iago is not merely negative or evil—far from it. Those very forces that moved him and made his fate—sense of power, delight in performing a difficult and dangerous action, delight in the exercise of artistic skill—are not at all evil things. We sympathise with one or other of them almost every day of our lives. And, accordingly, though in Iago they are combined with something detestable and so contribute to evil, our perception of them is accompanied with sympathy. In the same way Iago's insight, dexterity, quickness, address and the like are in themselves admirable things; the perfect man would possess them. And certainly he would possess also Iago's courage and self-control, and like Iago would stand above the impulses of mere feeling, lord of his inner world. All this goes to evil ends in Iago, but in itself it has a great worth, and although in reading, of course, we do not sift it out, and regard it separately, it inevitably affects us and mingles admiration with our hatred or horror.

All this, however, might apparently co-exist with absolute egoism and total want of humanity. But in the second place it is not true that in Iago this egoism and this want are absolute, and that in this sense he is a thing of mere evil.

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They are frightful but if they were absolute, Iago would be a monster not a man. The fact is, he *tries* to make them absolute and cannot succeed; and the traces of conscience, shame and humanity, though faint, are discernible. If his egoism were absolute he would be perfectly indifferent to the opinion of others and he clearly is not so. His very irritation at goodness again is a sign that his faith in his creed is not entirely firm, and it is not entirely firm because he himself has a perception, however dim, of the goodness of goodness. What is the meaning of the last reason he gives himself for killing Cassio:

He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly?

Does he mean that he is ugly to others? Then he is not an absolute egoist. Does he mean that he is ugly to himself? Then he makes an open confession of moral sense. And once more if he really possessed no moral sense we should never have heard those soliloquies which so clearly betray his uneasiness and his unconscious desire to persuade himself that he has some excuse for the villainy he contemplates. These seem to be indubitable proofs that against his will Iago is a little better than his creed and has failed to withdraw himself wholly from the human atmosphere about him. And to these proofs I would add, though with less confidence, two others. Iago's momentary doubt towards the end, whether Roderigo and Cassio must be killed has always surprised me. As a mere matter of calculation it is perfectly obvious that they must, and I believe his hesitation is not merely intellectual, it is another symptom of the obscure working of conscience or humanity. Lastly, is it not significant that when once his plot has begun to develop Iago never seeks the presence of Desdemona, that he seems to leave her as quickly as he can (Act III.

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Scene iv. line 148); and that when he is fetched by Emilia to see her in her distress (Act iv. Scene ii. line 110ff) we fail to catch in his words any sign of the pleasure he shows in Othello's misery and seem rather to discern a certain discomfort and, if one dares say it, a faint touch of shame or remorse. This interpretation of the passage I admit is not inevitable, but to my mind (quite apart from any theorising about Iago) it seems the natural one, and if it is right Iago's discomfort is easily understood; for Desdemona is the one person concerned against whom it is impossible for him even to imagine a ground of resentment and so an excuse for cruelty. (A curious proof of Iago's inability to hold by his creed that absolute egoism is the only proper attitude and that loyalty and affection are mere stupidity or want of spirit may be found in his one moment of real passion where he rushes at Emilia with the cry "Villainous whore" (Act v. Scene ii. line 229). There is more than fury in his cry, there is indignation. She has been false to him, she has betrayed him. Well, why should she not, if his creed is true? And what a melancholy exhibition of human inconsistency it is that he should use as terms of reproach words which, according to him, should be quite neutral, if not complimentary!)

There remains thirdly the idea that Iago is a man of supreme intellect who is at the same time supremely wicked. That he is supremely wicked, nobody will doubt, and I have claimed for him nothing that would interfere with his right to that title, but to say that his intellectual power is supreme is to make a great mistake. Within certain limits he has indeed extraordinary penetration, quickness, inventiveness, adaptiveness, but the limits are defined with the hardest of lines, and they are narrow limits. It would scarcely be unjust to call him simply astonishingly clever, or simply a consummate master of intrigue. But compare

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him with one who may perhaps be roughly called a bad man of supreme intellectual power, Napoleon, and you see how small and negative Iago's mind is, incapable of Napoleon's military achievements and much more incapable of his political constructions. Or, to keep within the Shakespearean world, compare him with Hamlet and you perceive how miserably close is his intellectual horizon; that such a thing as a thought beyond the reaches of his soul has never come near him, that he is prosaic, through and through, deaf and blind to all but a tiny fragment of the meaning of things. Is it not quite absurd then, to call him a man of supreme intellect?

And observe lastly that his failure in perception is closely connected with his badness. He was destroyed by the power that he attacked, the power of love; and he was destroyed by it because he could not understand it; and he could not understand it because it was not in him. Iago never meant his plot to be so dangerous to himself. He knew that jealousy is painful, but the jealousy of a love like Othello's he could not imagine, and he found himself involved in murders which were no part of his original design. That difficulty he surmounted and his changed plot still seemed to prosper. Rodrigo and Cassio and Desdemona once dead, all would be well. Nay, when he fails to kill Cassio all may still be well. He will avow that he told Othello of the adultery, and persist that he told the truth, and Cassio will deny it in vain. And then, in a moment, his plot is shattered by a blow from a quarter where he never dreamt of danger. He knows his wife, he thinks. She is not over-scrupulous, she will do anything to please him, and she has learnt obedience. But one thing in her he does not know—that she *loves* her mistress and would face a hundred deaths sooner than see her fair fame darkened. There is genuine astonishment in his

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outburst "What, are you mad!" as it dawns upon him that she means to speak the truth about the handkerchief, but he might well have applied to himself the words which she flings at Othello: "O gull, O dolt, as ignorant as dirt." The foulness of his own soul made him so ignorant that he built into the marvellous structure of his plot a piece of crass stupidity.

To the thinking mind the divorce of unusual intellect from goodness is a thing to startle, and Shakespeare clearly felt it so. The combination of unusual intellect with extreme evil is more than startling, it is frightful. It is rare but it exists; and Shakespeare represented it in Iago. But the alliance of evil like Iago's with *supreme* intellect is an impossible fiction; and Shakespeare's fictions were truth.'

(h) 'There is no majesty in Iago. He is a low, cunning beast. Nor is his intellect of a high character. It is keen and subtle, partly of the fox, partly of the snake, but there is nothing great about it. It enables him to disguise his real nature, to wear the mask of the honest man, of the bluff, open-speaking soldier, but that kind of cleverness is not uncommon and needs no special intelligence. . . .

Of course, then, since the absence of love is the absence of all goodness, everything he does and thinks is evil, and when he sees innocence or goodness he hates them, blackens them and desires to injure them. "Virtue, a fig," he cries. "Love is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will."

To him self-sacrifice is sin, all true love and goodness unbelievable. He is sure that Cassio is false to Othello, and that Desdemona and Othello will soon seek for fresh blood when they are satiated with one another. The only other character in Shakespeare who cannot love but is for

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himself alone, is Richard III, and he is less evil than Iago for his conscience awakens when he is asleep. No touch of conscience ever disturbs Iago. Where there is no love, there is no conscience.

Combined with this is sensuality. Not sensuality united to love or somewhat spiritualised by imagination, but the common appetite of the brute intensified by the memory, the intelligence and the experience of the man. *Only one thing in Iago is stronger than sensuality, it is his will to live for his own success, for his greed, for the satisfaction of his envy and his hate. For the sake of quenching these thirsts, sensual appetite is mastered but it is vital in Iago, as vital as men say it is in the goat and the monkey, as this vile brute tells Othello it is in Desdemona. To her, to Cassio, to Othello, to his wife, to all the dames of Venice he imputes this appetite as their conqueror. His conversation, his soliloquies are full of hateful phrases, images, innuendoes, gross and abominable. He is a dirty dog and his vile ability leaves him still indescribably vulgar.*

(4) Discuss in what sense parody is criticism. To what extent does the following criticise the style and content of modern poetry?

TO A MODERN POET

Well,
What
about it?

am sorry
if you have
a green pain
gnawing your brain away.

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I suppose
quite a lot of it is
gnawed away
by this time.

I did not give you
a green pain
or even
a grey powder.

It is rather you, so winged, so vortical,
Who give me a pain.
When I have a pain
I never notice
the colour.

But I am very unobservant.
I cannot say
I ever noticed that the pillar-box
was like a baby
skinned alive and screaming.
I have not
a Poet's
Eye
which can see Beauty
everywhere.

Now you mention it,
Of course, the sky
is like a large mouth
shown to a dentist,
and I never noticed
a little thing
like that.

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But I can't help wishing
You got more fun out of it;
you seem to have taken
quite a dislike
to things
They seem to make you jump
And double up unexpectedly -

And when you write
like other poets
on subjects
not entirely
novel,
such as, for instance,
the Sea,
it is mostly about
Sea-sickness.
As you say—
It is the New Movement,
The Emetic Ecstasy.

(5) (a) Discuss Shaw's play *The Admirable Bashville*.
To what extent does it criticise (i) the style of Elizabethan
tragedy, (ii) the content and emotional tone of second-
rate novels.

(b) Discuss Browning's poem *Andrea del Sarto* as a
criticism of (i) del Sarto's painting, (ii) del Sarto's character,
(iii) life. Do the same with *Fra Lippo Lippi*.

(6) Discuss Dr. Johnson's criticism of *Lycidas*:

'One of the poems on which much praise has been
bestowed is *Lycidas*; of which the diction is harsh, the
rhymes uncertain, and the numbers (the rhythm) displeasing.
What beauty (the reference of this is "value") there is we

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must therefore seek in the sentiments and images. It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion, for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of rough satyrs and fauns with cloven heel. Where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief.

In this poem there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a pastoral, easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting: whatever images it can supply, are long ago exhausted; and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind. When Cowley tells of Hervey that they studied together it is easy to suppose how much he must miss the companion of his labours, and the partner of his discoveries; but what image of tenderness can be excited by these lines:

We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey fly winds his sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

We know that they never drove a-field, and that they had no flocks to batten; and though it be allowed that the representation be allegorical, the true meaning is so uncertain and remote that it is never sought because it cannot be known when it is found . . .

This poem has yet a grosser fault. With these trifling fictions are mingled the most awful and sacred truths, such as never ought to be polluted with such irreverent combinations. The shepherd likewise is now a feeder of sheep, and afterwards an ecclesiastical pastor, a superintendent of a Christian flock. Such equivocations are always unskilful; but here they are indecent, and at least approach to impiety, of which, however, I believe the writer not to have been conscious.

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(a) Is this sound criticism?

(b) Is it fair criticism? That is, even if the writer's standards are not accurate enough to make it sound criticism, does he make them clear enough for us to see the reason for his judgment? Criticism may be objective or fair criticism, and not good or sound criticism. One notices that there is *some* truth in Dr. Johnson's criticism. What? In objective or fair criticism there nearly always is some truth. In what sense is *Lycidas* good? As a lament, or as an expression of Milton's state of mind at the time?"

(7) From Dr. Johnson's criticism above discuss Hazlitt's criticism of his criticism below.

'We have a high respect for Dr. Johnson's character and understanding, mixed with something like personal attachment: but he was neither a poet nor a judge of poetry. He might in one sense be a judge of poetry as it falls within the limits and rules of prose, but not as it is poetry. Least of all was he qualified to be a judge of Shakespeare. Let those who have a prejudice against Johnson read Boswell's Life of him: as those whom he has prejudiced against Shakespeare should read his *Irene*. We do not say that a man to be a critic must necessarily be a poet: but to be a good critic he ought not to be a bad poet. Such poetry as a man deliberately writes, such, and such only will he like. Dr. Johnson's Preface to his edition of Shakespeare looks like a laborious attempt to bury the characteristic merits of his author under a load of cumbrous phraseology, and to weigh his excellences and defects in equal scales, stuffed full of "swelling figures and sonorous epithets." Nor could it well be otherwise; Dr. Johnson's general powers of reasoning overlaid his critical susceptibility. All his ideas were cast in a given mould, in a set form: they were made

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out by rule and system, by climax, inference, and antithesis—Shakespeare's were the reverse. Johnson's understanding dealt only in round numbers: the fractions were lost upon him. He reduced everything to the common standard of conventional propriety; and the most exquisite refinement or sublimity produced an effect on his mind, only as they could be translated into the language of measured prose. To him an excess of beauty was a fault; for it appeared to him like an excrescence; and his imagination was dazzled by the blaze of light. His writings neither shone with the beams of native genius, nor reflected them. He saw only the definite, the positive, and the practical, the average forms of things, not their striking differences—their classes, not their degrees. He was a man of strong common sense and practical wisdom, rather than of genius or feeling.'

(8) Discuss the following as criticisms. Are they scientific criticism, artistic-emotive or a mixture? To what extent does the writer add point and arrest the reader by the use of emotive language? To what extent is he objective? To what extent does his criticism of art lead him to criticism of life? Should it?

(a) 'Chaucer's characters are narrative, Shakespeare's dramatic, Milton's epic. That is, Chaucer told only as much of his story as he pleased, as was required for a particular purpose. He answered for his characters himself. In Shakespeare they are introduced upon the stage, are liable to be asked all sorts of questions, and are forced to answer for themselves. In Chaucer we perceive a fixed essence of character, in Shakespeare there is a continual composition and decomposition of its elements, a fermentation of every particle in the whole mass by its alternate

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affinity or antipathy to other principles which are brought in contact with it. Till the experiment is tried we do not know the result, the turn which the character will take in its new circumstances. Milton took only a few simple principles of character and raised them to the utmost conceivable grandeur and refined them from every base alloy. His imagination "nigh spher'd in Heaven" claimed kindred only with what he saw from that height and could raise to the same elevation with itself. He sat retired and kept his state alone, "playing with wisdom"; while Shakespeare mingled with the crowd and played the host, "to make society the sweeter welcome."

The passion in Shakespeare is of the same nature as his delineation of character, it is not some one habitual feeling or sentiment preying upon itself, growing out of itself and moulding everything to itself; it is passion modified by passion, by all the other feelings to which the individual is liable and to which others are liable with him; subject to all the fluctuations of caprice and accident; calling into play all the resources of the understanding and all the energies of the will; irritated by obstacles or yielding to them; rising from small beginnings to its utmost height; now drunk with hope, now stung to madness, now sunk in despair, now blown to air with a breath, now raging like a torrent. The human soul is made the sport of fortune, the prey of adversity: it is stretched on the wheel of destiny in restless ecstasy. The passions are in a state of projection. Years are melted down to moments and every instant teems with fate. We know the results, we see the process.'

(b) 'We cannot fail to notice that Shakespeare's creative activity, regarded as a whole, again and again produces

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the impression, despite the carefully thought out construction of great parts of his work—e.g. of a tragedy like *Othello*—of an instinctive, impulsive and altogether sketchy mode of working. His development proceeds more or less unconsciously. His enormous steps in advance are never consciously secured and maintained, and they are regularly followed by relapses into the most primitive form. This we have seen already in such simple matters as the monologue. It also appears in the return to the epical kind of drama represented by *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which he again abandons the concentrated form of action which in other plays is his most splendid achievement. It is further shown in the most various aspects of his art. Original observations of nature, more acute than any made by his contemporaries are intermingled with worthless stereotyped patterns handed down by literary tradition. He preserves with a conscientiousness unparalleled in his time the local colour in pieces like *Romeo and Juliet*, and elsewhere intersperses his plays with staggering breaches of the illusion and quite deliberate anachronisms. He characterises the speaker in one instance by the most subtle inflections of expression, and in another makes all his figures talk in the same key. He feels himself obliged to state so thoroughly all the reasons for Iago's wickedness that we may almost say he has given us too many, and on the other hand he asks us to accept the malignity of Lady Macbeth without being told a word about its cause. This amazing irregularity produces differences of value in his work which only those can fail to perceive who find all his productions of equal excellence simply because they are altogether lacking in the specific power of discrimination.

Nor is it admissible to claim for all these things a profound artistic purpose. From this fault even such a widely read and carefully trained student of the Elizabethan drama

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as Creizenach is not quite free, when in many of Shakespeare's plays he discovers the conscious "method" of making the principal characters stand out in bolder relief by means of a comparatively less plastic modelling of all the others. This conception is as anachronistic, and rests on the very same foundations as the opinion of Brandes, which we have touched upon in another place, that the lax form of *Antony and Cleopatra* had been chosen in order to do justice to the greatness of the events. Not earlier than the twentieth century, with its differentiation and utilisation of all artistic means, was it possible to suppose that in the treatment of single parts, in order to secure a heightening of the total effect, the more primitive form should be intentionally and methodically preferred to the more advanced.¹

The only access to the solution of this problem is through the personality of Shakespeare. This personality however is not sufficiently clear and distinct to permit more than feebly supported conjectures to be based on it. But we are involuntarily reminded of the traditional description of Henry Fielding—recently discredited by W. Cross—who was said to be so utterly indifferent to the theatre for which he wrote in order to make a living, that he did not think it worth while to work for it with more than half of his power, and who even experienced a kind of ironical satisfaction when the audience, by hissing the weak passages in his plays, showed more taste than he had credited them with. To this analogy it may be objected that Shakespeare enjoyed great popularity with his audiences and was evidently on good terms with the public. Still, a careful review of all the extant references to the dramatists of the time shows that he was ranked only as one artist among

¹ Discuss this statement and the accuracy of the term "primitive" here and in the preceding paragraph.

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many, though his achievements tower high above theirs. This estimation was possible only on the supposition that he failed to make his audiences appreciate many things in which he was far in advance of his age, and which perhaps he himself rightly regarded as the best portions of his art. One can well imagine that to see them neglected reacted upon his creative activity.

This reason, however, is only the most conspicuous link in a chain of possibilities which may easily lead us too far into the realm of airy conjectures, and we do not hesitate to admit that perhaps a good deal could be said in favour of the view which finds in this habit of careless composition nothing but a necessary concomitant of Shakespeare's natural disposition. His gigantic imagination presupposes an emotional life which has great difficulty in imposing laws upon itself. Grillparzer says of Shakespeare very profoundly: "Like God he thinks in terms of imagination and creation." And, indeed, this soul realises itself in ceaseless new experiences; it depends on the succession of a thousand moods, in each of which it sees the things around itself in a different light. It is too rich to need to put its talent out to usury, too little conscious of itself to submit to self-discipline, too creative to be interested in theories. He is—in this sense his contemporaries were perfectly right—*nature herself*, and if we include within the definition of art, as was done by that age, the conscious and consistent observation of certain clearly formulated rules in the treatment of reality, Ben Johnson was thoroughly justified in his apparently paradoxical pronouncement on the greatest artist of all ages: Shakespeare, he said, "wanted art."

Moreover, his thought, soaring on the wings of the romantic temperament, finds no difficulty in appropriating the most curious and fantastic ideas, the most exceptional mental phenomena, and assimilating them to a degree which

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is unattainable by one gifted with a less powerful imagination. He is not only endowed with the faculty of a man like Thackeray, who is able to live equally well in the most diverse souls of men and women, but has the sense of the extraordinary which accounts for his success in making his characters what they are. Lastly, the various directions of his dramatic activity are determined as much by the unique rapidity of his thought processes as by the many-sidedness of his creative power. A convincing proof of his habit of grasping things with lightning-like rapidity is the unparalleled wealth of imagery which distinguishes his style. His mind is an inexhaustible source of metaphors. His thought working swiftly as a weaver's shuttle, is constantly establishing associations between the most diverse ideas, so that our slower minds frequently find it difficult to follow him. This astonishing rapidity of his thought taxes our power of attention to the uttermost degree, and sometimes obscures his style by what we might call a certain mental shorthand, contrasting strongly with those long passages where he is clearness itself. We can therefore easily understand that the peculiarities just described occasionally prevent him from perceiving that the motives are not so readily intelligible that we can at once find our way through them. And as his style now and then undeniably skips and omits a link in the chain of reasoning, so his mind occasionally rushes on in its flight, especially where it is following an action taken over ready-made from the original source, without itself becoming conscious of or rendering intelligible to us the psychological foundations of the action which it has unconsciously assimilated and which it presupposes as given. An "aside" would in many cases of this kind be very serviceable.

(c) 'What was really unsatisfactory in Victorian literature is something much easier to feel than to state. It was not

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so much a superiority in the men of other ages to the Victorian men. It was a superiority of Victorian men to themselves. The individual was unequal. Perhaps that is why the society became unequal: I cannot say. They were lame giants; the strongest of them walked on one leg a little shorter than the other.'

(9) Examine the "criticism" in any text-books, introductions to Shakespeare's plays, for instance, or to novels or collections of poetry or prose. Is it scientific criticism, artistic-emotive criticism, merely biographical or technical, or mere propaganda for the book? What value has it? If it is unsatisfactory write a substitute.

(10) Find in newspapers, circulars, pamphlets, digests or books, passages that purport to be scientific criticism. Are they scientific? What judgments do they make or imply? Is the reasoning to these judgments logical? From what premises do the writers start? Are they true?

(11) Examine the following quotations. Can anything be learnt from them of Shakespeare's "values"? Compare them with the passages referred to or quoted on pp. 101-102.

(a) What a piece of work is a man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving, how express and admirable in action, how like an angel in apprehension, how like a God: the beauty of the world; the paragon of animals; And yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust: '1

(*Hamlet.*) ~

(b) Even through the hollow eyes of death I spy life peering.

(*Richard II.*)

¹ See Note III.

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- (c) ANTONY: Would I had never seen her.
•ENOBARBUS: Ah, Sir, you would have then left unseen
a wonderful piece of work which not to have been
blessed withal would have discredited your travel.
(Antony and Cleopatra.)
- (d) OTHELLO (*as he looks down by the light of a candle at
the sleeping Desdemona whom he is about to smother*):
Put out the light, and then put out the light;
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. *(Othello.)*
- (e) ENOBARBUS: Age cannot wither her nor custom stale,
Her infinite variety *(Antony and Cleopatra.)*
- (f) What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. *(King Lear.)*
- (g) No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison;
We two, alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon 's the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out
In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon. *(King Lear.)*

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(12) Discuss the philosophies of Shaw and Chesterton. The wit of Shaw achieves its effect by exaggeration, that of Chesterton by paradox. Point out where, behind this distinction in style, there is the same distinction in content.

GENERAL CRITICISM

Criticism of art may be not of a particular work, artist or period, but general criticism of art as a whole.

A.—Read the following famous extract from Coleridge's critical prose, and answer as concisely as possible the questions below.

'The poet, described in ideal perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone and spirit of unity that blends and (as it were) fuses each into each by that synthetic and magical power, to which I would exclusively appropriate the name of Imagination. This power (first put into action by the will and understanding, and retained under their irremissive though gentle and unnoticed control, reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities: of sameness with difference; of the general with the concrete; the idea with the image; the individual with the representative; the sense of novelty and freshness with old and familiar objects; a more than usual state of emotion with more than usual order; judgment ever awake and steady self-possession with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement; and while it blends and harmonises the natural and the artificial, still subordinates the manner to the matter; and our admiration of the poet to our sympathy with the poetry.'

(1) Define the meaning of "diffuses," "synthetic,"

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"ideal," "general," as used in this passage. What is the difference between "blends" and "fuses"?

(2) The word "imagination" has in common use two distinct and almost opposite meanings. Compare (a) "He's not ill at all—it's all imagination," and (b) "He hasn't enough imagination to realise what his father's death will mean." (a) implies that imagination concerns the unreal, (b) that it concerns the real. Which colloquial use of the word is accurate and which conforms to Coleridge's conception of imagination in this passage. (The other meaning Coleridge expresses by "fancy.")

(3) In what sense is imagination used in the following passages, in the sense of "fancy" or in the sense of the power to penetrate the mere appearances of life.

(a) "We need imagination to imagine what we know."
(SHELLEY.)

(b) "Imagination is like Adam's dream; he awoke and found it truth."
(KEATS.)

(c) "The lunatic, the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact."
(Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.)

(d) "Imagination is the supreme realism of the spirit."
(CHARLES MORGAN.)

(e) "Imagination another name for the Holy Ghost."
(WILLIAM BLAKE.)

¹ The imagination of an artist critically conceived implies both the power to penetrate in the forms of life to their essential nature and relation-to truth, and the power to imagine and mould in his material new forms to express this truth.

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B.—Discuss the following pieces of general artistic criticism. Compare (2) with the passage by the same writer on *Mona Lisa*. Which is the more objective?

(1) 'We do not, in fact, in ordinary life see things in themselves; we see them in relation to the purposes which we wish to fulfil in regard to them, and as means to the fulfilment of those purposes. The artist, and the artist alone, sees an object not as a means to something outside itself but as an end in itself. It is precisely thus that those of us who are not artists see works of art, when we see them rightly. Thus a possible definition of an artist from the point of view of Mr. Bell's theory is a man who feels for natural objects the sort of emotion which the non-artist feels only for works of art.

Consider, for example, the case of the typical Dutch picture. Apparently a coloured photograph of a simple scene, in which every detail is accurately reproduced—it is a difficult exercise to try to state in what respect a Vermeer differs from a coloured photograph—it is invested with a significance which the scene itself lacks. Or lacks for most people! For Vermeer, presumably, differs from most people in being able to see in the scene the significance which we cannot observe save in the picture. What he has done is to drag it forth from the irrelevant setting in which it lurked, and throw it into high relief. He does not create beauty; he brings to birth the beauty that is latent in things.'

(2) 'The ideal examples of poetry and painting are those in which the constituent elements of the composition are so welded together that the material or subject no longer strikes the intellect only; nor the form, the eye or the ear only; but form and matter in their union or identity present one single effect to the "imaginative reasoning," that

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complex faculty for which every thought and feeling is twin-born with its sensible symbol.'

(3) 'So far from the position holding true, that great wit (or genius, in our modern way of speaking) has a necessary alliance with insanity, the greatest wits, on the contrary, will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive a mad Shakespeare. The greatness of wit, by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood, manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them. The ground of the mistake is, that men, finding in the raptures of the higher poetry a condition of exaltation, to which they have no parallel in their own experience, besides the spurious resemblance of it in dreams and fevers, impute a state of dreaminess and fever to the poet. But the true poet dreams being awake. He is not possessed by his subject, but has dominion over it. In the groves of Eden he walks familiar as in his native paths. He ascends the empyrean heaven, and is not intoxicated. He treads the burning marl without dismay; he wins his flight without self-loss through realms of chaos "and old night." Or, if, abandoning himself to that severer chaos of a "human mind untuned," he is content awhile to be mad with Lear, or to hate mankind (a sort of madness) with Timon, neither is that madness, nor this misanthropy, so unchecked, but that—never letting the reins of reason wholly go, while most he seems to do so—he has his better genius still whispering at his ear, with the good servant Kent suggesting saner counsels, or with the honest steward Flavius recommending kindlier resolutions. Where he seems most to recede from humanity, he will be found the truest to it. From beyond the scope of Nature, if he summon possible

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existences, he subjugates them to the law of her consistency. He is beautifully loyal to that sovereign directress, even when he seems most to betray and desert her. His ideal tribes submit to policy; his very monsters are tamed to his hand, even as that wild sea-brood, shepherded by Proteus. He tames and he clothes them with attributes of flesh and blood, till they wonder at themselves, like Indian Islanders forced to submit to European vesture: Caliban, the Witches, are as true to the laws of their own nature (ours with a difference), as Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth. Herein the great and the little wits are differenced, that if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual existence, they lose themselves, and their readers. Their phantoms are lawless; their visions nightmares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency. Their imaginations are not active—for to be active is to call something into act and form—but passive, as men in sick dreams. For the super-natural, or something super-added to what we know of nature, they give you the plainly non-natural. And if this were all, and that these mental hallucinations were discoverable only in the treatment of subjects out of nature, or transcending it, the judgment might with some plea be pardoned if it ran riot, and a little wantonised: but even in the describing of real and everyday life, that which is before their eyes, one of these lesser wits shall more deviate from nature—show more of that inconsequence, which has a natural alliance with frenzy—than a great genius in his “maddest fits,” as Wither somewhere calls them. We appeal to anyone that is acquainted with the common run of Lane’s novels—those scanty intellectual viands of the whole female reading public, till a happier genius arose and expelled for ever the innutritious phantoms—whether he has not found his brain more “betossed,” his memory more puzzled, his sense of when

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and where more confounded, among the improbable events, the incoherent incidents, the inconsistent characters, or no-characters, of some third-rate love intrigue—where the persons shall be a Lord Glendamour and a Miss Rivers, and the scene only alternate between Bath and Bond Street—a more bewildering dreaminess induced upon him than he has felt wandering over all the fairy grounds of Spenser. In the productions we refer to, nothing but names and places is familiar; the persons are neither of this world nor of any other conceivable one; an endless string of activities without purpose, or purposes destitute of motive: we meet phantoms in our known walks; *fantasques* only christened. In the poet we have names which announce fiction; and we have absolutely no place at all, for the things and persons of the Fairy Queen prate not of their “whereabout.” But in their inner nature, and the law of their speech and actions, we are at home and upon acquainted ground. The one turns life into a dream; the other to the wildest dreams gives the sobrieties of everyday occurrences.’

(4) ‘Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.’

C.—Discuss the general truth of the following statements by VIth formers.

(1) “The poem is simple and sentimental, a particularly unattractive combination.”

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(2) "Artistic criticism is of no importance in the face of death."

D.—(1) Write a critical essay on *Education*. What is education? Is it (a) a training in character, (What is character?); (b) an imparting of knowledge? (What is knowledge? Is it the same as information? Which does one remember best, information or experience? Can one experience ideas?)

(2) Make a précis of Arnold's essay on *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time* and, of the first two essays in T. S. Eliot's *Selected Essays*. Then write one of your own on *The Importance of Artistic Criticism*.

(3) Discuss the following critical essay by a B.A. student. It is criticism, not of art but of ideas and actions. Is it sound?

CARLYLE—THE PROPHET OF FASCISM

'Much has been said and written of Carlyle's debt to the Germans, to the philosophical idealism of Goethe and Kant and Hegel, but whatever Carlyle may have sometime gained in this direction he has now paid back with interest—and the interest is Hitler. For Carlyle became in the nineteenth century the gospel of the Germans, with an apostle and evangelist in Nietzsche who consolidated and developed his master's theory on man and government until in the fulness of time there appeared the consummation in action of the Carlylian doctrine of hero-worship—dictatorship. Carlyle with his European popularity is, in a sense, the father of European Fascism.

This cult of the heroic is an application to government

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of a philosophy of history which Carlyle shared with Voltaire, that "the history of the world is the biography of great men," i.e., in the Voltairian phrase of "*hommes d'action*." The germ of the idea is to be found already in *Sartor*, the first of Carlyle's original works; it attains in *Heroes and Hero-Worship* its exposition as a creed, and in *Past and Present* it applies itself to the social and political dilemma of the modern democratic world, running to seed at last in that fanatical worship of mere brute force and power and success as such, called *Frederick the Great*. The hypothesis is briefly this. There are in every sphere supermen, heroes, and by far the most important superman is the superman of action, the King, the man who—by an erroneous derivation—"can" or knows how to rule. It is this man who should govern us and "this greatest man is to be treated with an obedience that knows no bounds." "Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there; raise him to the supreme place, and you have a perfect government for that country." "It needs to be ascertained which is the strongest man that he may rule over us." Surely the shadow of Mussolini falls across the page.

It must be remembered that in Carlyle all this is very plausibly sustained. The ablest man, he says, means also the truest-hearted, justest, noblest man. Yet how is this man discoverable? He *ipso facto* discovers himself. He is the man who knows he can rule—and rules. His might is his right. And here we stumble upon a curious subtlety in the Fascist doctrine that might is right—namely, that it "springs from another and more abstruse fallacy, the fallacy that right is might. "In all battles," says Carlyle, in *Past and Present*, "if you await the issue each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might at the close of the account were one and the same. He has

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fought with all his might and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed." As I said, it is a curious doctrine and fits ill with a study of history. But this interconvertibility of might and right is the very core of the discoverable nature of the Carlylian hero. Like Mussolini and Hitler he is elected because he has already elected himself.

There is another point in correspondence between Carlyle and the modern exponents of Fascism, their indictment, their just indictment of democracy, as the liberty of social isolation, the liberty to die of starvation, man bound to man by nothing but a cash nexus. The answer is less impeccable. "True liberty," says Carlyle, "is for a man to learn or be taught what work he is actually able for, and then by permission, persuasion and even compulsion, set about doing the same." This, in combination with the absolute obedience to be rendered to the governing superman, is in effect the answer of the totalitarian Fascist State, an organic conception of society after the manner of Rome and—to a certain extent—of the medieval Europe for which Carlyle had so professed an admiration.

There are several incidental and perhaps minor points where Carlyle reminds one of the contemporary advocates of dictatorship. One is enshrined in the remark of Chalmers. "That young man," said Chalmers, "prefers seriousness to truth." Life to him was "no May-game." He reminds one occasionally of the determined solemnity of our Neo-nords, impervious to any trivial considerations of perspective. And indeed the Nordic cult itself, that collective dictatorship of the hero-race, is foreshadowed in Carlyle's obvious enthusiasm in that direction. It is true that Carlyle would not, I think, be found remarking that the excellence and intelligence of certain birds are due to the fact that they have a Nordic jaw. Perhaps Carlyle

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had not the German professor's sense of detail, or possibly the German professor had not Carlyle's sense of humour.

Yet this sense of humour did not save him from *Frederick the Great*. Few people will seriously disagree with Carlyle's criticism of democracy, both in theory and in practice, and there is obviously a real and valuable truth to be found in his historical philosophy. Yet, even suppose we disagree with Chesterton in his statement that "governing is not a thing like poetry that we would rather a man did not do unless he can do it well, but a thing like making love which we would rather a man did badly himself than with the utmost excellence by proxy," even supposing we do not object that the most tragic failures of democracy are due not to political equality but to economic inequality, even supposing therefore that we admit a superman, a dictator, are we not a little astonished at our author's examples? Carlyle has made it as hard to be just to the principle in theory as Mussolini and Hitler have in practice. We object not so much to the dictatorship as to the dictators. These men of action, these men with a mission, with their Bibles in their boots, seem a questionable collection. It is a fact and not a theory that the men who know they can govern, and govern, usually are so sure of themselves merely through moral or intellectual blindness—our Cromwells are deplorably mistaken and our Fredericks are deplorably depraved. Alfred with his consciousness of incapacity was a better king than Cromwell, Louis IX than Napoleon. The dictator who is likely to be the wisest is not the exceptional man who knows he can govern, but the far more exceptional man who knows he cannot.'

E.—"Shakespeare's tragedies are better than his comedies because tragedy is better than comedy."

(HAZLITT.)

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Make a critical examination of Shakespeare's tragedies and comedies, in plot and character, considering *Henry IV* as a comedy both in the stage sense of a play with a "happy" ending, and in the critical sense that it sees life as funny. Establish a critical preference for pathos, pure comedy, pure tragedy, humour, or the tragi-humour (or comi-tragedy) of *Lear* and *Hamlet*. Which constitutes the most penetrating vision of life?¹

ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

A.—Discuss the following undergraduate essays. Is it possible to distinguish the more from the less mature? Are any of them attempts at "artistic" criticism? How far are they subjective? How far do they turn from criticism of art to criticism of life?

(1) FIELDING'S CONCEPTION OF THE NOVEL

"This prosai-comi-epic writing."

(FIELDING.)

"This subject, unlike essay subjects in general, has the inestimable advantage of being interesting. It should, and probably will, involve any but the most technical of critics in a discussion of the relation of art to life, and morality to both, and what is more salutary, in another reading of *Tom Jones*. For as in *Joseph Andrews* Fielding discovered the novel as an artistic medium, so in *Tom Jones* he used it; and the result is the greatest of English novels, and if my deplorably limited experience of continental writing does not quash the statement, the greatest of all novels.

The book stands alone in literature. Between it and the sentimental novel of Richardson is a great gulf fixed—

¹ See Note IV.

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a gulf that can be crossed only by what for want of a better name we call a sense of humour—which might be defined as a sense of proportion plus. And as for what has come after it, Thackeray has for once done a piece of sound criticism in the remark that “since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried no writer among us has been allowed to depict to his utmost power a Man.” And not only is Tom Jones a man, he is the man, the man in the street, the man universal. “Why should I differ from the kindly race of men?” said Tennyson, and Fielding was of the same mind. Tom Jones is the triumph of English ordinaryness as a subject for art. I know a Tom Jones, and I’ve no doubt you do. In short, in the words of the late Professor Saintsbury, this book “differs from all other novels in the range and precision of its scale and theme.”

Fielding’s conception of the novel is bound up with his conception of art and his conception of life. He was interested in men rather than in theories about men, in truth rather than “truths.” And consequently he rejects that God-like omniscience which certain writers see fit to take unto themselves, that unentertaining and useless analysis of the obscure and usually unpleasant recesses of their characters’ artificially enlarged minds. He is concerned with observable truth, with men as they are, interpreted by what they do and say. “But as he did not outwardly express any such disgust it would be an ill office in us to pay a visit to the inmost recesses of his mind, as some scandalous people search into the secret affairs of their friends, and often pry into their closets and cupboards only to discover their poverty and meanness to the world.” The psychological gymnastics of a Zola, or even a Flaubert, are not only unwarrantably clogging to the story, but they are untrue to life and therefore to art, for is it not merely silly to suppose any man is competent to dissect the minds

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of his fellows, in the irritating self-sufficient style of the French "realists" or the pseudo-scientific manner of the moderns? And even if be good science it is certainly bad art. Fielding knew that art is the interpretation of life, not the scientific explanation of action. "Instead of accounting for," says he, "we shall proceed to exemplify."

Tom Jones is called a "history." In his first chapter, which he entitles "The Bill of Fare," Fielding informs us that his subject is "human nature"—and in this study he was the greatest scholar since Shakespeare. Again and again he reminds us that he is writing of things as they are, and not as he or anyone else thinks or wishes them to be. "I am not writing a system but a history," he claims, "and I am not obliged to reconcile every matter to the received notions of truth and nature."

From this conception of the novel itself follows inevitably the question of Fielding's aim in writing it. It is not, of course, a question of why did he write *Tom Jones*, for he most certainly wrote it because he wanted money, and had found a congenial way of making it. But why did he write it in this way? If this was his conception of the novel what was his conception of its relation to life, morality, art, religion? Taine, in the distinctly amusing chapter which he devotes to Fielding and Hogarth in his *History of English Literature*, claims that *Tom Jones* is primarily a didactic novel, didactic in the sense that it aims at a moral, and not, as I believe, in the wider sense in which all great art is didactic, that it makes for morality. Fielding himself makes a pretty clear statement on this subject. "Teach me," he says, in his invocation at the beginning of the thirteenth book, "to know mankind better than they know themselves . . . till mankind learn the good nature to laugh only at the follies of others, and the humility to grieve at

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their own." Someone has said that "the English humour is the profoundest mysticism known to man." If that is so, Fielding is one of our great mystics. He saw life as fundamentally good, and he rejoiced in all things because they lived, in the crude as well as in the manifestly lovely. He enjoyed writing *Tom Jones* as much as Chaucer enjoyed writing his Prologue and his end-links. In this as in other and technical ways, there is no greater literary affinity than that between Chaucer in 1340 and Fielding in 1740.

And as Fielding loved life, and conceived the novel to be an imitation of life, he did not consider it necessary to strain life through a fine mesh, and present us either with the expurgated and somewhat flat remains, or with the carefully scraped up deposit so laboriously obtained. A certain writer on Shakespeare and the French comedy made the remark that "an open ditch is fresh and natural compared with a closed drain." It is a very just remark, and perhaps explains why *Tom Jones* is the healthiest book I have so far read, and why after reading certain other works I turn a pale-green colour and develop an immediate desire to go and have a bath. Fielding seems to have had some premonition of the blowing of John Bellows and his kind, for in his farewell to the reader he has the following pointed remark: "If in anything I have offended it was really without any intention. Some things perhaps, here said, may have hit thee or thy friends, but I do most solemnly declare they were not pointed at thee or at them. I question not but thou hast been told, among other stories of me, that thou wast to travel with a very scurrilous fellow; but whoever told thee so did me an injury. No man detests and despises scurrility more than I do." It only remains to say that Fielding showed actions and ideas in their true colours. He would not, as would certain of our intelligent moderns, have us believe that adultery is a sort of higher

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morality or the tendency to incontinency an unfortunate disability in the same category as a hare-lip.

From this conception of life and art, arose the characters and hence the plot and sub-plots of *Tom Jones*. Scott and Coleridge whose genius can hardly be called of the Fielding type have both praised his craftsmanship in the highest terms. And constructionally, the book is as perfect as is possible or desirable in an imitation of life—which is happily abundant in loose ends and, like Fielding, often has something up its sleeve. *Tom Jones* is something of an eighteenth-century *Canterbury Tales* where, instead of telling tales, the characters “do things.” The plot proceeds with a leisurely good humour from inn to inn, gathering into its large and elastic bounds all sorts and conditions of men. In spite of the number of its characters there is justice in Fielding’s half-humorous remark, on the subject of the apparent repetition in the two landladies, that they are “most carefully differentiated from each other.” “He cannot,” says Saintsbury, “send on the merest scene-shifters, the veriest candle-snuffers and population of Cyprus, without impressing upon them natural and distinct personalities.”

Those who have not found the plot of *Tom Jones* absolutely impeccable have done nothing more than protest against the Man of the Hill, question whether we do not see more than we need of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and ask whether the catastrophe is not somewhat hurried and huddled.

The Man of the Hill is, as Saintsbury puts it, “distinctly a hors-d’œuvre.” You can take him or leave him. He is Fielding’s one concession to abnormality. But even here Fielding is no Romantic. What aura of mystery does surround this strange old man is created without any recourse to the suggestive wizardry of a Coleridge, or the verbal string-pulling of a Yeats. But here, too, Fielding’s limitation appears. The Man of the Hill may, to some

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people, be pathetic. To me, I confess, he is somewhat humorous. Certainly he is not tragic—as in the hands of another writer he might well have been.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick is a good example of Fielding's love of sub-plots. Having created a character he is loth to part with it, and it must tell its life story, and even have some further usefulness designed to keep it on the stage. But Mrs. Fitzpatrick—like everybody else in the book, with the possible exception of Blifil—lives, and is indeed still served up to us under various "divinely lovely" guises in plays "with a Continental flavour" and without Fielding's criticism of life. The sub-plots in Fielding as in Shakespeare are interesting in themselves and are responsible for some of his most skilfully drawn characters. Parson Adams, it must be remembered, started life in a sub-plot.

As for the criticism that the catastrophe is hurried, it is, I fear, a criticism that might be applied with equal justice to life. Unfortunate though it may be for the scientifically minded, life does not work out with the orderly precision of a problem in geometry. And as Fielding himself is careful to point out, the springs which set the catastrophic organisation in motion are all to be found in the previous action. In short, Fielding relies on what the reader sees and hears. He makes no appeal to the marvellous, to the incredible, or the improbable. His plot is sufficient for his characters.

And not only is it sufficient, but it is not redundant. Fielding's dramatic experience saved him from the commonest and worst fault of novel writing—the introduction of matter irrelevant to the story and the characters. Perhaps it was the playwright in him that gave *Tom Jones* that rightness of dialogue which is so satisfying to one risen newly from the epistolary revelations of *Pamela* or *Clarissa Harlowe*. Fielding uses the dramatic method of character

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portrayal almost entirely. His remarks upon his actors are more in the nature of stage descriptions than attempts at delineation.

On the subject of the characters in *Tom Jones* one might go on indefinitely. I have mentioned Jones himself, whose only concessions to heroic needs were, to quote Saintsbury again, that he was "not only like Paris handsome and like Hector brave, but a much better fellow than Paris and a much luckier one than Hector." There are two sorts of character which we will not find in Fielding, one because it is unnatural, the other because it is beyond his reach. To go to *Tom Jones* to find "*ac pius Aeneas*" is insulting—even Mr. Allworthy, whose soul was somewhat inhibited by being created in the image of a patron, is not as bad as that. To go there for a Hamlet or a Lear is to look for Lindisfarne in the neighbourhood of the Isle of Wight. Yet about Partridge, the immortal, with his Latin tags and his superstitions, his pliable conscience and his fondness for an unpunctured skin, there is a flavour, a touch of Hamlet and Falstaff. He has something of their soul without much of their brains.

There is no cant in Fielding. He sees that the love of money is the root of not only a considerable amount of evil but also a considerable amount of good, and has no hesitation in ascribing to it actions which a less truthful historian of manners and morals might have been tempted to ascribe elsewhere. From cover to cover none of the characters, except perhaps Squire Western in taking a beating from the Captain, is for a moment "out." They do what they should do—according to our notions of truth and probability. In reading Tolstoy I feel that, in spite of the fact that these people live and live abundantly, they do so for the sole purpose of propounding their creator's ideas. Perhaps that is art, but it is a little too obvious.

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But Fielding was too interested to remain in the background entirely. Hence the remarks and asides with which the book is strewn, and hence the introductory essays to each book. "Pardon me for coming in like a Greek chorus," he says conversationally, but as a matter of fact the fatuous comments of a Greek chorus are far from his own observations, for in common with Chcsterton and a few other people he has the happy and invaluable habit of saying serious things in a funny way. Certain people have claimed that it would be better if the introductory essays were left out. Personally, I enjoy them immensely. I like them because I like Fielding, because I happen to be interested in life and the remarks of sane and wise men thereon, and because I have not the least doubt I should enjoy the subtle and gentle irony of this man on any subject whatever, whether upon God or beetles. His remarks on "Love," at the beginning of the sixth book, are quite the most sensible I have ever read, and have the additional advantage of being unencumbered with ethical terminology or psychological jargon.

To sum up, *Tom Jones* is, above all things, a wise book, wise not only in that it is the repository of the best sayings of a man who saw life steadily and saw it whole, but—this is too true to be hackneyed—in its "fresh air," its healthy vitality. "*Tom Jones*, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagles of Austria," said Gibbon, whose cast of mind was incidentally more Continental than English and therefore not to be bribed by the national flavour of the novel. It is and it has. But it is more than a motion picture of humanity. "*Tom Jones* is an epic of life—not indeed of the highest, the rarest, the most impassioned of life's scenes and phases, but of the healthy average life of the average natural man, not faultless nor perfect by any

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means, but human and actual as no one else since Shakespeare has shown him in the mimic world."

And behind *Tom Jones* is Fielding, a man and very much of a man, who wrote an entire novel in an ironic vein without bitterness and without contempt, one of the most lovable personalities in a literature even richer in great men than in great works.'

(2) ADVICE TO ALL EDITORS OF DAILY NEWSPAPERS SINCERELY DESIRING TO IMMOLATE THEMSELVES UPON THE ALTAR OF ANTI-JOURNALESE

'I am Mr. Brown. Once you probably envied me, for I was, as the pseudo-Georgian letters say, "A Person of Repute." I hope you still envy me—otherwise your sense of proportion or humour, or whatever you like to call it, has died a natural death. The recipe for attaining the state of grace—and disgrace—in which I happily find myself, is fairly simple in its aim, but becomes slightly complicated in its working. The first thing to do is to make a prayerful study of the libel laws. Of course, it is useless to expect to come out of the affair with either reputation or bank-balance intact or even existent, but it is interesting and therefore wise to know the position and possibilities of the pits into which you will inevitably fall.

The enemy of all good writing is self-satisfaction. You must make your staff humble, you must make yourself humble, and your newspaper humble, and your country humble, and then perhaps you will find that people, like the gentleman in Molière, speak prose without knowing it—but unless someone discovers a satisfactory cure for old age and decrepitude you will be observing more interesting phenomena by then. ~

The journalistic day begins with a chapter from the Bible. Apart from the real motive of this, in showing your young

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Johnsonians how to write, it will give a modest éclat to the proceedings. Those worthy folk who have not yet wakened up to the fact that they are just a few odd bits of pulpy wreckage blown together in a breeze, those unaccountable people who cannot see themselves producing even an impromptu slug, will see a commendable godliness in the practice, while your enemy editors may be subtly gulled into regarding you as a harmless branch of the Vicar's Bible Class. Any defaulter from this gathering is fined 2d. and sent to report the next local Mothers' Meeting. Believe me, it works.

Fines, of course, are your weapons. For every hackneyed phrase, for every hideous travesty of grammar, for every commonplace remark and trite allusion, for every word that is affected, evasive or slovenly, and for every word that is not a word but a chip of a phrase, you extort a useful sum. This is rather satisfactory financially because you get most of your salaries back, and in these hard times would-be rebels will think many times before going on their job-seeking travels again. And to prevent the beam in your own eye becoming a young timber-yard, you fine yourself sugar in your tea, or something of the kind. If you are not strong-minded let your wife see to it.

It is useless, however, to confine yourself to saying "Don't." No self-respecting person takes any notice of prohibitions. Publish good prose and poetry now and again instead of an editorial. Encourage literary contributions. Make your foreign news a coherent whole instead of a bad autograph book. Don't publish a Parliamentary debate about the price of peacocks or some other such tedious irrelevancy. Remember that in the seventeenth century they had newspapers which are still as fine literature as you may read. Try to get the Addisonian point of view to the Hollywood starlet. Keep a column

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for critical cuttings from your brother papers with or without a few tactful remarks. Never keep a man without an imagination or an imagination without a man. One will ruin your literary morals and the other your ethical. Laugh at established hypocrasies in style as in life. If you publish letters from dolts publish them annotated. Censor your advertisements and your social notes. If you feel you have no news, don't print ten pages about it. Engrave in letters of gold on your door: "*Travaillons donc bien penser; voilà le principe de la morale*," remembering that the morality of art is like all morality, not merely a matter of abstinence from that which offends. It is the expression of the inexpressible.

At the present time I have a shilling in the Post Office Savings Bank and have been excommunicated even by those churches I do not belong to. The Archbishop of Canterbury has preached a sermon at and about me, and the Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly, in a metaphor of forty minutes, compared me unfavourably with his idea of the Prince of Darkness. From these facts it will be apparent that I have done my best. Dare you?"

(3) BACON—THE MAN

There is no knowing what a man will do
When he is Philistine and poet too.

'There is nothing in which Bacon is more essentially a modern man than in his combination of idealism and Philistinism. This Philistinism, which manifests itself in the practical precepts of the *New Atlantis*, and some of the essays, as a marked utilitarianism, taints his philosophy also with that suggestion of expediency as his real *summum bonum* which is perceptible even in his most exalted moments of moral and intellectual disquisition. For Bacon's

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writing is of one piece with his life, and the contradiction between his high notions of altruism and philanthropy and the sordid details of his political career, is foreshadowed in the series of scientific treatises and essays which reveal with a pitiless accuracy what manner of man he was.

The hydroptic Renaissance thirst for knowledge as such is usually cited by the critics as Bacon's major virtue. Yet the scientific achievements of *Solomon's House*, no less than the psychological precepts of the essay on the *Regiment of Health*, provide a curious comment upon this currently accepted dogma. Although "the knowledge of causes" is the theoretic end of *Solomon's House*, every experiment performed there seems to be the outcome of a determined utilitarianism. With the exception of mere curiosities such as the generation of frogs in air—processes doubtless designed to fill in Bensalem the role of the two-headed woman in Elizabethan England—with this exception, all the discoveries of the Fathers are directly provoked by a desire to minister to the needs and luxuries of mankind.

The philosopher and the psychologist betray the same preoccupation with material benefit. "Avoid repression and distract the mind," is his dictum, together with such curious counsels as, "Eschew fear and anxiety and cultivate optimism," as if a philosophy were to be carefully induced for the state of health rather than accepted as a true description of phenomena. The *Regiment of Health* is in the edition of 1597, but the same bias appears in the later essays which show considerably more profundity of thought and feeling. The reader is conscious of a sudden bathos as he descends from an indictment of the unethical nature of revenge to a condemnation of its lamentable inexpediency.

Within the sphere of this practicalism and expediency Bacon's wisdom is extraordinarily subtle and complete.

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He appreciates with an uncanny accuracy the flaws in the educational and political life of his day, anticipating the pitfalls into which subsequent English governments have obediently fallen, and diagnosing the weakness of universities in our day as in his. And this analysis is made with the Baconian precision and point, allied with that cold urbanity which has repelled so many of his readers.

This quality, which is indeed not quite urbanity, is perhaps the first noticeable characteristic of Bacon the artist. Somebody, in commenting upon the quality of George V's voice, said: "It was the voice of a man who had never had to raise his voice." In the later essays Bacon produces somewhat the same effect. He speaks with an Olympian quietness and sureness, with an aspect like that of the Father of *Solomon's House*, "as if he pitied men." He is never carried away, never disturbed in the leisurely ease of his utterance. Perhaps this also is the psychological cause of his tendency to write in sententious aphorisms. His essays are distillations of the wisdom of experience rather than flashes of imaginative insight. "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure," is Bacon at his best and most typical. How different in its shrewd pithiness from the sudden illumination of a Pascal. "*L'homme n'est qu'un roseau mais c'est un roseau pensant.*" For, here as in his scientific method, where he would draw no conclusion without the exhaustive tabulation of phenomena, Bacon's was a mind that turned back upon itself and its experience, examining, classifying and commenting, not leaping forwards with the splendid genius of hypothesis.

This mind and its philosophy is an indissoluble mixture of piety and snobbery, charity and expediency, a desire to know and a desire to live comfortably. Bacon shows at once an infinite sense of the foolishness of mankind and an entire unscrupulousness in duping it, a detestation of

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the conditions of success and a sense of their inevitability. And through the whole runs a vein of casuistry which justifies success as the power to do good, good being the application of science to the needs of humanity. Add to this cynical dualism a cold gorgeousness of mind and manner which is apt to degenerate into garishness. The description of the magnificence of Bensalem, and Church's description of Bacon's own wedding, have a glittering speciousness not unconnected with the mind of the bridegroom.

In his luxury, as in other matters, Bacon was a son, perhaps the son of the Renaissance, as typical a product of the new temper in England as Da Vinci in Italy. "I have taken all knowledge to be my province," he says, with the splendid arrogance of his age, and although he resided mainly in the sphere of physical inquiry and provided a philosophic method rather than a philosophy, he illustrates that plurality of ambition which was the most astonishing feature of the great men of that time, a time when the human intellect, freed from the cohesion of a supra-mundane philosophy, spent itself in violent successive excursions in all directions without much perceptible ability to correlate the results. In the work of Bacon, as in the diaries of Da Vinci, the critical reader is conscious of a certain desultriness and undirected energy. But he is conscious of more. Here, appearing in a strong light, is the Renaissance split between science and morality. Bacon makes little attempt to reconcile his theory and his practice, his philanthropy and his Philistinism, his desire for truth and his love of expediency. Consequently he was not completely successful either as a humanitarian philosopher or as a man of affairs. For no man can serve two masters without conspicuous detriment to his consistency and himself.'

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B.—What affinities in style and content has the following passage? Can you explain why? Can you date it? Evaluate it.

‘Welcome, sayd I, O orificial rethorike wipe thy everlasting mouth and afford me a more Indian metaphor than that for the brave princely bloud of a Saxon. Oratoric uncaske the hard hutch of thy complements, and with the triumphantest troupe in thy treasurie doe trewage with him. What inpotent speech with his eight partes maynot specifice this unestimable gift holding his peace, shall as it were (with teares I speak it) do whereby as it may seeme or appeare, to manifest or declare, and yet it is, and yet it is not, and yet it maybe a diminutive oblation meritorious to your high pusillanimitie and indignitie. Why should I goe gadding and fisgigging after firking flantado amfibologies, wit is wit, and good will is good will. With all the wit I have, I here according to the premises offer up unto your cities generall good will, which is a gilded Can, in a manner and forme folowing, for you and the heirs of your bodie lawfully begotten, to drink healthes in. The scholastical squitter books clout you up canopies and foot-clothes of verses.’

At the beginning of this chapter the warning “Define your standards” was reiterated. Lest any reader should think that he has done this and can now rest in peace, perhaps he will answer these questions. (a) Are the following prose or poetry and why? (The writer describes them as “poems.”) (b) Are they tragedy, comedy, humour, pathos or farce?

“Captain Busted Busby frowned hard at a passing ceiling and fixed his eye upon a pair of stationary taxis: Suddenly he went up to one of them and addressed himself to the

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driver. He discharged his socks and continued whistling. The taxi saluted but he put up with it, and puckered a resigned mouth and knitted a pair of thoughtful eyebrows."

"M. looking out of his window with purple curtains saw Captain Busby thoughtfully chewing a less impatient portion of his walking-stick unostentatiously against a lamp-post. The road was blue but Captain Busby seemed a very dark green with ivory face (for it was night time). He frowned. He cut his hair slowly. He looked at the bottom of the street. He made rapid measurements with a pair of adjustable sugar tongs. These he afterwards secreted in his trousers. He then flew into his friend's apartment through the willingly opened window."

"Marcella waited for her lover outside a public house known to both of them. Immediately Capt. Busby appeared holding a woman in his arms. This wasn't true thought Marcella carefully, and was relieved to see that God had thrown a lamp-post at the Captain, temporarily disabling him."

"He arranged himself in sugar and put himself in his bath and prepared to breathe his last
his four bottles lay grouped around him
do your duty in this world and gather dividends from
the dog thrown at you
good-bye my children."

NOTES

I.—Sprung rhythm was divided by Gerard Manley Hopkins into feet, according to the number of unstressed syllables combined with each stress. These feet he called:

- (1) The Monosyllable /
- (2) The Accentual Trochee / X
- (3) The Accentual Dactyl /, X X
- (4) The First Pæon / X X X

The stress always comes first in a foot but not of course necessarily in a line, since a line in sprung rhythm can stop in the middle of a foot.

II.—The “new philosophy” expounded by Russell and Wittgenstein and Ayer is often described as logical positivism. Though it repudiates absolute standards it would not accept the description *subjectivist*. Yet the claim made to dispose of “metaphysics” and therefore of all philosophical controversies by showing them to be neither true nor false but meaningless rests upon an arbitrary and therefore subjective definition of meaning. Ayer defines a statement as “having meaning” if it is (a) potentially verifiable by sense data or (b) deductive, and philosophy is redefined as a “department of logic” concerned merely with elucidating the terms and relationships, first of the statements of “common sense,” and ultimately, since this is perhaps optimistically conceived as a short term contract, of science. But an empirical study of language reveals that words mean what we associate with them and neither “philosophy” nor “meaning” are normally associated with the definitions which the “new philosophy” adopts.

Nor can their normal meaning be adequately described as purely emotive. For the clearest statement of the new criteria of meaning see F. J. Ayers's *Language, Truth and Logic* (Gollancz).

III. — The punctuation is that of the second quarto, the "good" quarto, which has been preferred not only on the general grounds which suggest the superiority of its text as a whole to the folio text, but because in this particular passage the exclamatory folio punctuation is not in accord with either Hamlet's speech or Shakespeare's Hamlet. It suggests Burbage (cf. the "O! O! O!" of the folio insertion after "The rest is silence," which all our texts drop).

The *hystérico-passionizing* of Shakespeare's lines to which actors from Burbage onwards have been in all plays prone, and the specially common transformation in the theatre of a "brooding" into a foaming Hamlet are perhaps due to the fact that to the actor the text is the starting point of an emotional process whereas to the writer it is the end. What is believed to be the original punctuation is therefore restored in an attempt to discourage the notion that the Prince of Denmark who almost froths at the mouth on numerous amateur and professional stages is the creation of Shakespeare himself.

For a general discussion of the quarto and folio texts see J. Dover Wilson's *The Manuscript of Shakespeare's "Hamlet"* (Cambridge), and for the greater likelihood of the reading "how like an angel in apprehension" see E. M. W. Tillyard's *The Elizabethan World Picture* (Cambridge).

IV.—Though a comedy and a tragedy are, in the stage sense, plays with a happy and an unhappy ending, the terms have a critical sense and are best distinguished in relation to other terms also differentiating the artist's vision of life.

ORIGIN OF PASSAGES NOT GIVEN IN TEXT

- P. 4 T. S. ELIOT: *Rhapsody on a Windy Night* in *Poems 1909-1925* (Faber).
- P. 5 (a) Psalm CXVI, *The Book of Common Prayer*.
- P. 6 (b) W. B. YEATS: *Sailing to Byzantium* in *Collected Poems* (Macmillan). (c) LOUIS MACNICE: *Autumn Journal* (Faber).
- P. 8 WORDSWORTH: *The Ancient Sage*.
- P. 9 WORDSWORTH: *Lucy Poems*. KEATS: *The Eve of St. Agnes*.
- P. 10 BLAKE: *The Sick Rose*. (a) JAMES SHIRLEY: *Death the Leveller*. (b) COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner*.
- P. 11 (c) DONNE: *A Valediction Forbidding Mourning*. (d) T. E. HENLEY: *Invictus*.
- P. 12 (e) BLAKE: *The Tyger*. (f) SHAKESPEARE: *Richard II*.
- P. 13 BLAKE: *Auguries of Innocence*.
- P. 14 SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*. (a) LOUIS MACNEICE: *Sunday Morning*. (b) SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*. (c) MARVELL: *To His Coy Mistress*. (d) SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*. (e) SHAKESPEARE: *King Lear*. (f) SHAKESPEARE: *Troilus and Cressida*.
- P. 15 (g) WILLIAM WATSON: *Esirangement*. (h) SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*. (4) SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*.
- P. 16 (a) GRAHAM GREENE: *The Power and the Glory* (Heinemann). (b) CHARLES MORGAN: *The Empty Room* (Macmillan).
- P. 17. (a) T. S. ELIOT: *Little Gidding* (Faber).
- P. 18 (b) T. S. ELIOT: *The Family Reunion* (Faber). T. S. ELIOT: *The Lovesong of J. Alfred Prufrock* in *Poems 1909-1925* (Faber).
- P. 19 C. DAY LEWIS in *Overtures to Death* (Cape).
- * P. 20 T. S. ELIOT: *The Hollow Men* in *Poems 1909-1925* (Faber).
- P. 24 T. S. ELIOT: *The Waste Land* in *Poems 1909-1925* (Faber).
- * P. 29 Merely to illustrate the argument.
- P. 30 MARION HOPE in *Alms for Oblivion*.
- P. 31 ANNE FINCH, Countess of Winchilsea in *The Splendour*. (a) C. DAY LEWIS in *Overtures to Death* (Cape).
- P. 32 (b) T. S. ELIOT: *The Family Reunion* (Faber).
- P. 33 (a) T. S. ELIOT: *The Family Reunion* (Faber).
- P. 34 (b) LOUIS MACNICE: *Autumn Journal* (Faber).

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- P. 37 JOHN MASEFIELD: *Twilight* in *Collected Poems* (Heinemann).
- P. 39 (a) JAMES JOYCE: *Ulysses* (Lane). (b) "Merchant Seaman" in *New Zealand New Writing*, No. 4. (c) VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse* (Hogarth Press and Dent).
- P. 40 MARION HOPE in *New Zealand New Writing*, No. 3.
- P. 41 (1) SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*. (2) HOPKINS: *The Caged Skylark*. (3) SHAKESPEARE: *King Lear*.
- P. 42 (4) SHAKESPEARE: *Cymbeline*. (5) HOPKINS: *Hurrahing in Harvest*. (6) SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*. (7) HOPKINS: *The Windhover*. (8) SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*. (9) SHAKESPEARE: *Sonnet LVII*. (10) SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*. (11) HOPKINS: *The Wreck of the Deutschland*. (12) SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*. GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *The Candle In-doors* in *Poems* (O. U. P.).
- P. 43 JAMES JOYCE: *Finnigan's Wake* (Faber).
- P. 47 (1) JAMES JOYCE: *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (Cape).
- P. 48 (2) JAMES JOYCE: *Ulysses* (Lane).
- P. 51 ROBERT HENRIQUES: *Captain Smith and Company* (Heinemann).
- P. 54 *Beowulf*, ed. Wyatt and Chambers (Cambridge U. P.).
- P. 56 SHAKESPEARE: Sonnets XVIII and LXXIII, and *Antony and Cleopatra*.
- P. 57 HOPKINS: *The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo* in *Poems* (O. U. P.). DONNE: *The Second Anniversary*.
- P. 58 POPE: *Essay on Criticism*. COLERIDGE: *Christabel*.
- P. 59 W. H. AUDEN: *The Dance of Death* (Faber). (a) SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*. (b) DONNE: *Hymn to God the Father*. (c) SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*. (d) SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*.
- P. 60 *The Litany, The Book of Common Prayer*. (a) VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse* (Hogarth and Dent).
- P. 62 (2) JAMES JOYCE: *Ulysses* (Lane). (a) W. E. WAGENER: *A Kiwi's Soliloquy*.
- P. 63 (b) STEPHEN SPENDER in *Poems* (Faber).
- P. 64 (a) W. E. WAGENER: *A Kiwi's Soliloquy*. (b) HERBERT READ: *Thirty-Five Poems* (Faber).
- P. 66 HOPKINS: *Poems* (O. U. P.).
- P. 68 (a) GEORGE MEREDITH: *Lucifer in Starlight*.
- P. 69 (b) HOPKINS: *The Starlight Night* in *Poems* (O. U. P.). (a) C. DAY LEWIS: *Overtures to Death* (Cape).
- P. 71 G. K. CHESTERTON: *Collected Poems* (Methuen).
- P. 74 G. K. CHESTERTON: *Collected Poems* (Methuen).
- P. 75 T. S. ELIOT: *Poems 1909-1935* (Faber).
- P. 76 RUPERT BROOK: *Song* in *Poems* (Sidgwick and Jackson).
- P. 77 T. S. ELIOT: *East Coker* (Faber). (a) C. DAY LEWIS in *Overtures to Death* (Cape).

ORIGIN OF PASSAGES

- P. 78 (b) W. BROOME in *Poems*. (c) HOPKINS in *Poems* (O.U.P.)
- P. 79 (d) GERALD BULLETT: *The Testament of Light* (Dent)
- P. 80 (e) DYLAN THOMAS: *Eighteen Poems* (The Sunday Referee).
- P. 80 SWINBURNE: *Atalanta in Calydon*.
- P. 82 DON MARQUIS: *Archie and Mehitabel* (Heinemann).
- P. 84 VIRGINIA WOOLF: *The Common Reader* (Hogarth and Penguin).
- P. 85 (a) BROWNING: *Meeting at Night*. (b) TENNYSON: *Ulysses*. (c) ANONYMOUS. (d) TENNYSON: *Morte D'Arthur*. (e) KEATS: *Ode to a Nightingale*. (f) WILFRED OWEN: *Sonnet*.
- P. 86 (g) WALTER DE LA MARE: *The Listeners*. (h) VAUGHAN: *Silex Scintillans*. (i) ANONYMOUS.
- P. 93 (a) Student.
- P. 94 (b) Student. (a) GORDON MIRAMS in *The New Zealand Listener*.
- P. 97 (b) MARION HOPE in *Review*.
- P. 99 K. J. RAINE: *The Hyacinth* in *A Little Book of Modern Verse* (Faber).
- P. 105 (a) WARWICK DEEPING: *Old Pybus* (Cassell). (b) WARWICK DEEPING: *Sorrel and Son* (Cassell). (c) MILTON: *Paradise Lost*. (d) T. S. ELIOT: *The Dry Salvages* (Faber):
- P. 106 (e) Omar Khayyam in Fitzgerald's translation. (f) SWINBURNE: *Atalanta in Calydon*. (g) SHAKESPEARE: *Sonnet CXLVI*.
- P. 107 (h) MILTON: *Paradise Lost*. (i) MAUDE EATON in *Canta*.
- P. 108 (1) ARNOLD BENNETT: *Imperial Palace*. (2) LORD EUSTACE PERCY: speech quoted by Q. D. Leavis in *Fiction and the Reading Public* (Chatto).
- P. 109 (3) Anglo-American Manuscript Service. (1) ARNOLD BENNETT: *Things That Have Interested Me*.
- P. 110 GEORGE BIRMINGHAM in *The Book Guild Bulletin*.
- P. 113 HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*.
- P. 115 HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*.
- P. 117 E. G. BIAGGINI: *Education and Society* (Hutchinson).
- P. 119 (a) VERNEY LOVETT: *India* (Hodder and Stoughton). (b) MARX and ENGELS: *Manifesto of the Communist Party*, Authorised English Translation (Lawrence and Wishart).
- P. 120 HAZLITT: *The Spirit of the Age*.
- P. 121 WALTER PATER: *The Renaissance*.
- P. 122 (a) T. S. ELIOT: *Selected Essays* (Faber).
- P. 125 (b) LEVIN SCHÜCKING: *Character Problems in Shakespeare's Plays* (Hartap).
- P. 127 (a) A. C. BRADLEY: *Shakespearean Tragedy* (Macmillan).
- P. 132 (b) STOFFORD BROOKE: *Ten More Plays of Shakespeare* (Constable).
- P. 133 (4) G. K. CHESTERTON: *Collected Poems* (Methuen).

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- P. 137 HAZLITT: Preface to *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*.
P. 138 (a) HAZLITT: *Lectures on the English Poets*.
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